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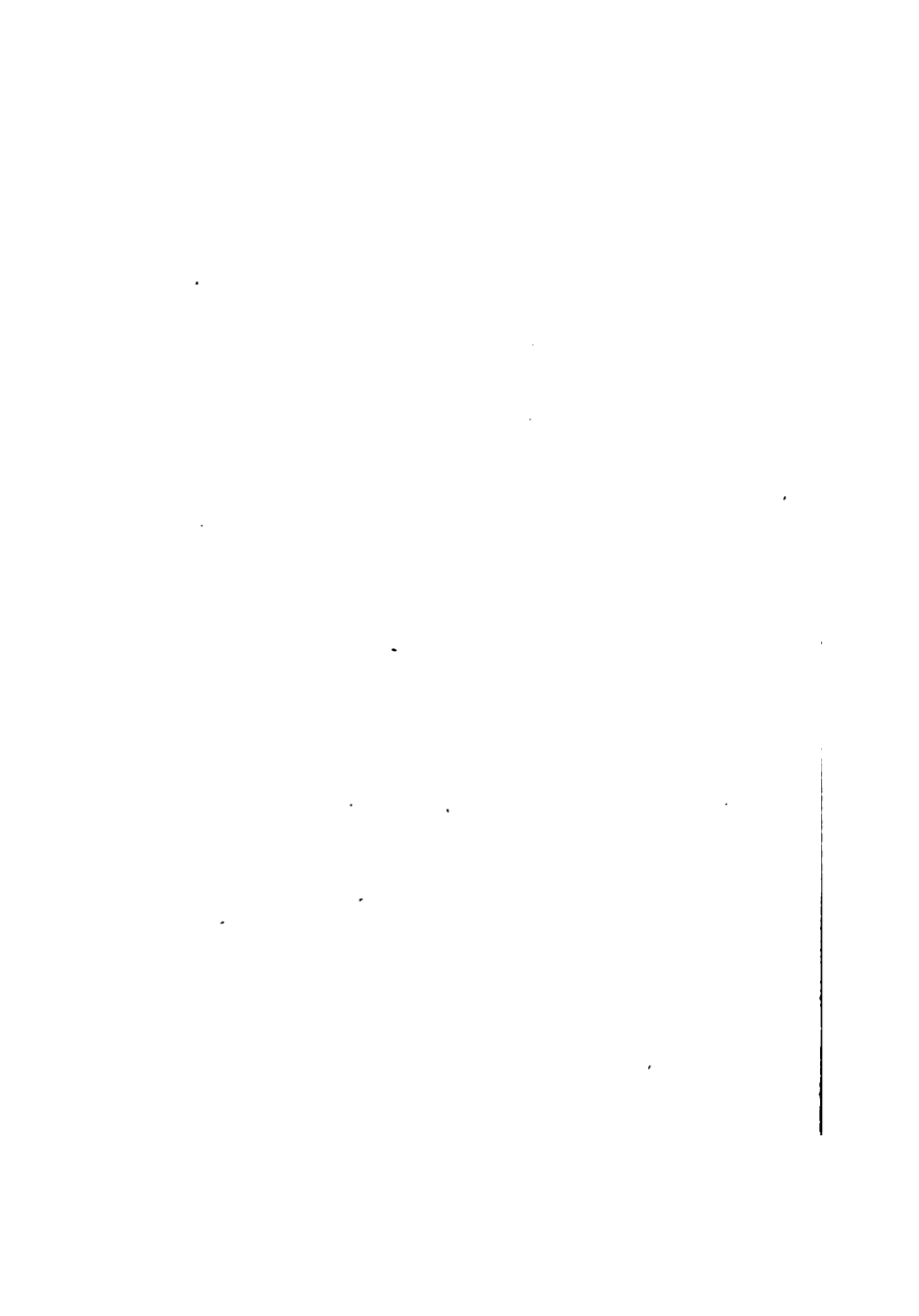
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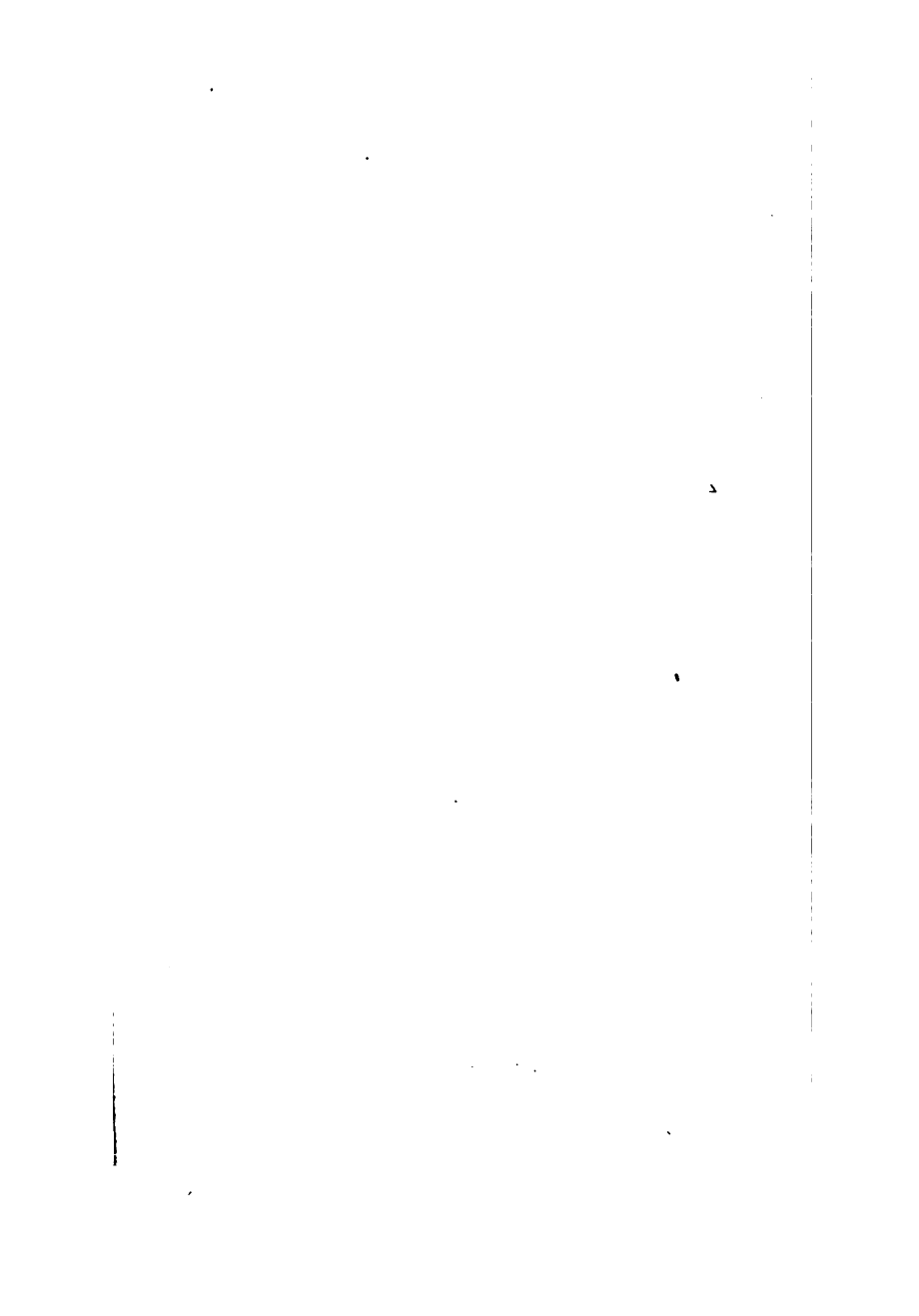
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Per. 2706 f. $\frac{85}{1839}$









**"MIRTH, THAT WRINKLED CARE DERIDES,
WITH LAUGHTER HOLDING BOTH HIS SIDES."**

THE
COMIC ANNUAL,

BY
THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.



LONDON :
A. H. BAILY AND CO., CORNHILL.

MDCCCXXXIX.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS



PREFACE.

THE Tenth Comic Annual is now in the field : and, luckily, it is a field of which no tithe can be demanded in kind or in unkind.

To account for the unusual lateness of the present crop in coming to market, it must be told how, at the eleventh hour, when all that ought to be cut was cut, and only a small portion wanted carrying, the labourers, one and all, master and man, were suddenly disabled by the same complaint, and confined to the same bed. Marry, it was a shrewd attack too ! But that is over and gone, as the broken-ribbed man said of the cart-wheel.

And now having made this necessary explanation, it would, perhaps, be the most prudent

course to make my bow without further prefacing. Nothing is more difficult than to address the Public perennially on the same subject : a fact well understood by the Beadle of my old precinct of St. M***** B*****, who, as usual, presented me at Christmas tide with a copy of verses. Instead of the scriptural doggrel, however, which used to fill up his broadside, and which indeed had become sufficiently stale and irksome, the sheet exhibited a selection of Elegant Extracts from our Standard Authors ; and by no means a bad assortment, if our Scarabæus Parochialis had not most whimsically garbled the pieces to suit a purpose of his own. Finding, perhaps, that original composition was beyond his bounds, that Parnassus, in fact, was not in his Parish, he had contrived, by here and there interpolating a line or two of his own, to adapt the lays of our British Bards to his Carol. For instance, Gray's celebrated Elegy in a Country Churchyard, was thus made to do duty, after this fashion.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way—
And this is Christmas Eve, and here I be !

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
Save Queen Victoria, who the sceptre holds !

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain—
Save all the ministers that be in power,
Save all the Royal Sovereigns that reign !

* * * *

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The Parish Beadle calling at the door !

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the apple-women's stalls away !

* * * *

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh ;
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
He never lets the children play thereby.

* * * *

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the Reverend Vicar all in lawn !

One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor at the Magpie and the Stump was he !

The next *with hat and staff, and new array,*
 Along all sorts of streets we saw him borne ;
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay
 He always brings upon a Christmas morn !

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
 And never failed on Sundays to attend !

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode ;
Where they alike in trembling hope repose,
 John Bugsby, Number Thirteen, Tibbald's Road.

Was not that, my Worthy Masters and Mistresses, a desperate shift to be put to for an Annual Address ?

And now, gentle Reader, farewell ! Should we two be left alive at the end of the eighteen hundred and thirty-nine Articles, we shall, probably, meet again. But the oddities, as the old lady said, are sadly against one. Menaced by all

the torches in England, all the rushes in Russia, the Great Petersburg Yellow Candle, and the Links at Edinbro', 'twill be a mercy should Britain escape Unspontaneous Combustion. However, should she prove fire-proof for so long, you may look Westward Ho ! for my return by the Flying Dutchman.



PHANTOM SHIP.

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COCHIN CHINESE.



THE CHINESE BREED.

LIST OF PLATES.

DESIGNED AND
DRAWN BY

FRONTISPIECE (Mirth)	<i>J. Gilbert.</i>
"Circumstances over which I have no controul"	<i>T. Hood.</i>
Eye on a Tragedy	<i>J. Scott.</i>
Don't point, it's ill bred!	<i>T. Hood.</i>
Rising after the Lark!	—

	DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY
Shall I take off the Beards?	<i>T. Hood.</i>
A Radical Demon-stration	—
The Master of the Horse	<i>J. Scott.</i>
A Detachment of Infantry	<i>J. Scott.</i>
Nobody's Enemy but his own	<i>T. Hood.</i>
A Whipper-in!	<i>J. Scott.</i>
The New River Company	<i>T. Hood.</i>
The Devil to Pay, and no Pitch Hot	—
"Saw ye Johnnie comin'?"	—
More than meets the Eye	—
Plates done on Stone	—
Hound drawing Cover	<i>J. Scott.</i>
A Drop of the Creature	<i>T. Hood.</i>
"Well—this is a high Move!"	—
Poplar and Wapping	—
"There's one at me!—Now for a Bite!"	—
A Part is greater than the Hole	<i>J. Scott.</i>
Taking the Vail	—
"Does your Mother know you're out?"	<i>T. Hood.</i>
Fast and Loose	—
Counter Irritation	—
Predestination and Free-Will	—
Spirit and Water	—
To have and to hold	—
A Lion!	—

DESIGNED AND
DRAWN BY

Fancy Portrait—Professor Silliman	<i>J. Scott.</i>
See me! Skate!	—
A Day after the Fair	<i>T. Hood.</i>
Off by Mutual Consent	—
“Portraits taken in this Style!”	—
How hard it Rains!	—
Speed the Plough!	—
“Has your Mother any more of ye?”	—
An Air-Pump	—
Taking a Fly at a Watering-Place	—
A Plaster Cast	—
The Music of the Spheres	<i>J. Scott.</i>
“What for you hang de Pickaninny?”	<i>T. Hood.</i>
Massa Wilberforce make-we-free	—
A Rum Customer	—
For Better or Worse	—
In at the Death	—
Corni Obligato	—
The Vision of Don Roderick	<i>J. Scott.</i>

HEAD AND TAIL PIECES.

	DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY
Cochin Chinese	<i>T. Hood.</i>
The Chinese Breed	—
Phantom Ship	—
Turkey Hunting	—
Lambton's Mane	—
Fizyognomy	—
"If you are not engaged for the next set"	—
All round my Hat	—
Flying Fish	—
Double Entry	—
Coming to the Point	—
Calling a Meeting	—
Trains are coming in	—
In Black for a Friend	—
A Fleet off the Mother Bank	—
Cambridge Butter	—
Blowing up for Rain	—
Losing Ground	—
The Electrical Eel	—
"Does your Father know you're in?"	—
A Tea-Totaller	—
"Is that Rogers' Last or your own?"	—

THE COMIC ANNUAL.

THE CORRESPONDING CLUB.

MORE TROUBLES AT STOKE POGIS—TREASONABLE LETTERS—
NOCTURNAL ASSEMBLAGES—AND CONSPIRACY AGAINST AN
ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGE.

THE friends of social order will be grieved to learn that Peace cannot keep herself on the peace establishment ; but that fresh disturbances have broken out in what may now be called the plague-spot of Her Majesty's dominions. The particulars have not transpired ; but it is too certain that the chief magistrate of Stoke Pogis arrived last night by express, in his slippers, and without his hat. Fears are entertained by some persons for the safety of the capital ; and the

Lumber Troop has offered to march against the insurgents to Knightsbridge and back. The Common Council has been summoned; and the boys at the Military Asylum have received orders to hold themselves in readiness. The barometer has fallen to 19.58,

From an Official Organ.

Despatches supposed to be of the utmost importance have been received in Downing Street; but in a cipher which as yet it has been impossible to decipher. Only two words have been made out, and they are at the very end of the document, viz. "Excuse haste."

From the "True News."

We have it from the best possible authority, that a discovery of an important nature has been made in a certain part of the kingdom, which some years back acquired for itself an unenviable notoriety. Under the peculiar circumstances, it would be improper to be more explicit; but our readers may rely on the accuracy as well as earliness of this intelligence.

From "The Seer."

Our unequivocal opinion has been often expressed, that the political weather would never remain eternally at Set Fair, but would retrograde sooner or later to Changeable, if not to Stormy, with the usual latitude as to locality; and our prediction is fulfilled to the letter. Without referring to Belgium, or France, or Russia, or Canada, or Mexico, or Jericho, we may triumphantly point nearer home, in proof that we have not "wasted our wind." There is a breeze at Stoke Pogis; and we only wait for the details to continue our prophecies. It will be remembered, that of all our contemporaries this journal was the only one that announced a great fall in potatoes simultaneously with a shower of Murphys.

Extract from a Private Letter.

Their is sad wurk hear. The Inflammatory have been gitting the Steem up for sum time past, and the report says the hole Biling is explodid among the Stokers. It is said no too Members of the Corporation

hang together, and the Hed is blowd all the way up to Lonnon.

From a Correspondent.

At a time when the news from Stoke Pogis is adapted to every voice, but with so many variations, every authentic note must be acceptable; and the following letter was kindly placed at our service by a gentleman who has a friend who has an acquaintance who has a relative in the disturbed district:—

“MY DEAR CHARLES,

“It is with a throbbing pen and a reluctant heart, that I sit down to inform you of the probable recurrence of those afflicting scenes which took place in the year '31. Our village, though strictly a minor, appears to be getting up a tragedy more fit for the theatre of war than our very limited stage; but it is the unhappy effect of popular commotions to inflate the localities where they take place into a pernicious self importance, and Stoke Pogis having once attracted the eyes of all Europe, seems unwilling to return to

its primitive obscurity. If you have ever visited any remote insignificant country hamlet, only remarkable for a Shocking Murder, but where the rustics are more conceited, the children more familiar, the young women more forward, and the ale dearer than common, you will know what I mean. However, I did hope that the reign of law and subordination and property was set in sufficiently to last my time ; but alas ! it is ordered otherwise, and as Pope or somebody says, 'Chaos is come again.' It is, perhaps, too late when we are in the very vortex of an earthquake, to inquire by what false step we have arrived at such a precipice ; but I cannot help thinking that the strong arm of the law, if called in earlier, might have crushed the embers under its foot. The exact extent of the danger is not known ; but it is pretty certain that some Hampden, or Thistlewood, or Cromwell, or Coriolanus, or some such character, has sprung up ; and, unless nipped in the focus, may explode into ramifications that no conciliation will eradicate. In the mean time, fear magnifies every thing ; and, like Carpenter's celebrated Solar Micro-

scope, produces the most terrific Bugbears out of next to nothing, till you almost expect that mite will overcome right. As a sample of these provincial rumours, it is currently believed here that we are threatened with a descent by a Russian Armada, which has already seized upon our whalers, with all their oil and blubber, to serve as tenders in carrying provisions for their fleet. Time will show, and in the meanwhile

“I remain, dear Charles, &c.

“H. J. P.

“P.S.—I send you a copy of the ‘Pogian Argus.’ It is a week old, but will serve to show the incipient turbulence that smoothed the way to the present crisis.”

From the “Pogian Argus.”

Although no alarmists, we cannot help calling the attention of our local authorities to the threatening posture and decidedly serious aspect of a certain party in this place. We flattered ourselves that the *cordon sanitaire* of sound and loyal principles we had drawn round the neighbourhood would protect it effectually

from contagion ; and that Stoke Pogis, so much smaller than Birmingham, and so much quieter than Sheffield, would be secure from political disturbance. We have been deceived. On Saturday night last, what is called a " Demonstration " took place at the Pig and Puncheon, the notorious Timothy Gubbins, of Guy Fox celebrity, in the chair. The taproom was crowded to excess ; and many speeches were delivered, the sentiments of which, and a great deal of the language, were anything but English. After some preliminaries had been gone through,

The Chairman said, he hoped every gentleman would make himself comfortable. They was met there for the good of the nation, including the good of the house ; and he hoped, in calling for reform, every gentleman would call for what he liked best. Nobody was tied to nothing, either in spouting or drinking. He trusted as how there would be an impartial hearing, and that no gentleman's mouth would be stopped, so long as he drank his own beer.

Reuben Taylor said he riz early to recommend an early rising. The people had laid down long enough.

There was no sort of use in getting up petitions—they ought to get up themselves. If they loved the country they would rise betimes. It was a great point to be wide awake and up to everything. He would repeat to them a line from the immortal and patriotic Burns :—

“ Now’s the time and now’s the hour,”

namely, four o’clock in summer, and six in winter.

Philip Grumpage was for all sorts of equality. All men was born little at first, and no human being had a right to be more shorter or taller, or fatter, or thinner, or richer, or poorer, or wiser, or unwiser than another. In New Harmony there was no first fiddles.

Jacob Parish stood up for the poor. Short Commons and Universal Suffrage was the birthrights of the poorest pauper on earth. He recommended their all signing the Beggar’s Petition, and getting it presented to the House of Lords.

Didimus Tibbs was for any strong proceeding that had no spirit in it. They were more tyrannised over by Gin, Brandy, and Rum, than by King, Lords, and

Commons. Some said measures not men, but he said vice varsy. All measures was bad, from a gill to a gallon. Our public Houses wanted reforming. There was no fair representation ; for whatever other pumps there might be, there was no member for Aldgate. He differed with Mr. Hume. The total of the whole ought to be tea : it agreed with the chest. If they were resolved on a strike, he should vote as an amendment Tea and Turn-out.

Peter Plumridge went along with the speaker as went afore. The best way to get at the Exchequer, was through the excise-office. Let them leave off every thing as was taxed, direct or indirect. A man might have consequentially to go uns hod, unkiver'd, unwashed, unhoused, unfed, untaught, undrest, unwatered, unlighted, unwatch'd, unattended, unphysicked, unburied, and untestate, but it would be for the public good. Self-denial was a virtue. He had practised it a little himself, and had left off soap.

Ebenezer Snuggles was all for 'tineranting. He had 'tineranted all over the country, and it did him good. The last place he preached at was Smithfield, and he

always had a flock. He did not like the present ministry, and was always preaching at them to resign. It was a powerful instrument. He had preached to a Cripplegit widow till she was as resigned as a lamb.

The Reverend Stephen Leech said he didn't mind a sight of blood. It always came eagerly, as if it enjoyed being let out. He had been accused of liking brute force. So did Barclay and Perkins, for it drew all their drays. Nothing could be moved or carried without physical power—not even a parcel. As for arms, the working classes could not work without 'em. Petitioning was a farce. He wanted to bring down the quartern loaf; and, as every sportsman knew, the way to bring down anything was to shoot at it. Give a man a gun; and if he aimed straight, the game was in his own hands. He advised every poor man to save up three pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence, and take out his certificate. One word about dragooning. There was one thing a man on horseback was very shy of, and that was a pike. He recommended all his hearers to

keep a 'pike. A good stick was better than nothing in some cases; and if it came to a battle he meant to cut his stick himself.

Timothy Boltbee prescribed all existing evils to unperfect edication. He had gone among the lower classes on purpose to learn their ignorance, and they positively knowed nothing. He was for universal schools everywheres on the cheap principle, namely, the ignorant teaching one another. For his own part, he owed all his prominent figure to being a schollard.

An individual, who addressed the meeting with his hat on, deprecated any violence. Things might be done quietly. He belonged to a Friendly Society, which had great objects in view. They had already the command of the Corn Market; and if they could only get hold of the Money Market and the Cattle Market, the Coal Market and the rest of the Markets, they might dictate their own terms to Ministers or any one else. He did not object to a little bodily agitation, and advised Quakers' Meetings to be called in every part of the country.

Tobias Hurlin objected to the New Police. He had never been in favour with them from the beginning. He was convinced that raw lobsters did not agree with the Constitution.

William Polterton wanted to associate. He did not care what with. He was for the immediate formation of a Political Burial Society. If they liked they could have a Precursor Society afterwards.

A Mrs. Frisby here presented herself (there were several females present) and expressed herself very strongly. She concurred in all that had been said, and a great deal more. Some people thought females had no right to their rights. Women knew where shoes pinched as well as men, and could be quite as oratorical. She was always pressing on her daughters to form Unions. There was nothing like agitation. A good deal might be done at home. She had agitated her own husband that very morning, and if every wife did the same they would soon obtain their ends. She argued with him day and night, and was glad to say she had made him an apostate at last. He didn't like to show himself up at a public

meeting, having an impediment ; but he was putting himself into a pamphlet. She liked cheap prints. Ministries would never have been so badly advised if they had consulted the soft sex. Women could fight too like lions and tigers, when their sperrits were put up. There was Mary Ann Talbot that fit with the French. She wished all the Niggers at Old Nick. The humane and pious had been so diverted with African floggings and cruelties they forgot the English ones. She liked white Natives better than black ones. Then there was the Corn Bill. She had never been in a scrimmage, but she thought she could let fly a blunderbusk. Justice wasn't justice any where. What had we done for the Irish, except taking all their pigs and butter from them? Why wasn't there a Poor Law for the rich? She hated taxgatherers, and was always glad when one was a defaulter.

The Chairman begged pardon for interrupting, but mayhap the lady was dry?

Mrs. Frisby said she had tea'd. Thank God, her lungs were very good. She had tried with her own

family, and she could lecture three hours on a stretch. There was still the Bastiles and the Tithes, and the Pensioning List, and the Factory Children, and Army Flogging, and 'Resting for Debt, and Law Reform, and Corporation Reform, and Church Reform, and Parliament Reform, and Police Reform, and all sorts of reforms to be gone through. She would talk till her tongue reached to Windsor Castle.

(Left speaking when our Reporter came away.)

(FURTHER PARTICULARS.)

The intelligence last received from Stoke Pogis is of a most distressing nature. The Grand Civic Banquet, which was to have taken place this day, has been postponed *sine die*, on account of the disturbed state of the place. The Aldermen are distracted, and hardly know how to act. They have just called in Dr. Corby, who, from his extensive practice, is supposed to be well acquainted with the state of the public pulse. He says the lower orders want lowering, and recommends a prompt exhibition of physical force, and the Riot Act to be read every three hours.

In the meantime Bundy, our new Head Constable, is very active on his own responsibility, and has arrested two suspicious ballad-singers for chaunting the Canadian Boat-song with an Irish pronunciation of "*Row, brothers, row.*" Alas! we have row enough!

10 o'Clock.

The ferment increases. Mr. Higginbottom, who was never popular, has just been mobbed to his own door. There is an awful crowd round the Post Office, and another at the door of the Town Hall, endeavouring to read a hand-bill, which, in the agitation of the moment, has been pasted upside down. With some difficulty we have obtained a copy.

"CONSPIRACY. £50 REWARD.

"WHEREAS a certain treasonable letter or letters have been instilled into the Box of the Post Office of this place which is filled with seditious practises the above Reward is hereby offered on conviction for the Writer or Writers thereof.

"John Osler, Clerk.

Boulter, Mayor."

12 o'Clock.

It is ascertained beyond doubt, that the recent Demonstration at the Pig and Puncheon has led to the organization of a secret association similar to the famous "Corresponding Society," in the time of the earlier French Revolution. Several treasonable letters have been intercepted. Warrants are out against the whole of the parties implicated in the above meeting, but hitherto nobody is apprehended, except Mrs. Frisby, who is committed to the new Cage.

(PRIVATE LETTER.)

DEER MRS. HUMPHRIS,

I am going to brake bad news! Wen I rit formally that our erupshuns was all over, I was no better than a spurns Profit in the Pockrifer. Stock Poggis is in a relaps! I did hop having the revolution once wood seacure us to eternity, but alas, it may be had twice as well as the Small Pock. I regret to add a more milignint sort then afore. Praps if it had been took in tim—but its no yuse antissipatting wat

is past and gon. Here we are agin in civil convulshuns, with all sorts of revolting, risings up of the verry dregs of the populus! But oh! Mrs. Humphris, wat could be lucked for but sich reversals wen the hole Wurld is gone topsy turvy, and femails of our own Sects, for I won't call them Wimmin, go making themselves promminent at Pig and Punchings! Wat do you think of Mrs. Frisby sitting up for Demy Gog, and mixing promiscusly in a Tap-rum, and spowting out her inflameable sentimints like a fiery Draggon on the top of a Table? I only wish I was a Mare for her sack and she should Duck in a horspond. Howsumever, I have had the comfit to see her collapsed between two pelises, and pully-hald thro' the publick streets with a hole tote of tag-ragging and bob-tale to her desserts, namely, the New Cage, wear she is instelling her pisonus Docterings thro' the Bars to a complete rotundity of littel Boys. Thank gudness Mr. J. is not obligated to partake in the crisus, but is handy to purtect me from any personable danger. As sich I am quite collectid in the parler without locking in, and my rifting is more composd. Their is

nothing in tribbleation and travel like having a Mail within screech.

As yusual our leader as ort to be has took frite and run away down every rode excep the propper. No won can be more official and pumpusly fussy when their is nothin to do ; but the moment the minit cums for acting hes off with the Stage. To be shure he is almost a second child for gray hares ; but, as Mr. J. says, wen activity is most requird mere experence is my Granmuther. Sumthing precoshus ort to have bean dan more prematurely. Wen it was too late a well-affectid meating was called, but it did not anser. All the wust sentimints had the best spekers on their side, till at long and last Dr. Corby lost patients and pitcht the grate Hink Stand at won of the factishus party, but mist his ame and blackt the pore Beadle all over. Unluckly we have lost a rite harm in pore Wagstaff the Hi Constabil, who desist sudenly as he allways apprehendid, and I trust was taken up. But the suck-seeding won does his best, and is warranting every suspishus character he can find. As for Mr. Tuder, he is more balder and short-sited and deffer then ever,

besides a paradoxical stroak, but he does all the good he can with his circumbendibus. I ort to have rit circumstancia, but the holly below in the street quite transmigrates ones idears. That dredful Wigsby had imperial orders to confine all his Schollards in the Free School under lock and key, but he was allways on the libberty taking side, and giv them a hole hollyday insted; and wenever Mrs. Frisby's vocative pours cums to a stand, the paws is filled with a hooray from the most cheering wretches in the place. A fine dangerus noys for a gentilman to cum riding by on an incumpatable horse.

I expect every minuit to hear poppin and exploding, and sit tremblin in my skin for fear of a discharge. Fir-arms is my horror! I reely think any spontanous combusting wood kill me out rite! But Lord help us if it cums to shutting up and down the streets like Parris or Brussles! In sich a case Mr. J. says, all you can do is to make yureself bumb-proof and trust the rest to Providins. Thank heven he volunteard out of the army just wen it was wantid and need not be exposd. But I do think it was pre-

cipitus to dissolve the Yomanry in spit of all the Cavilry on the subject. Nothing can be more unparshal then horsis in dispersin a mob, and as for the riders I will say they never seamed to no witch side they wear on or off. The wust of our sitation is we have not the most distant prospect of wat is threttening. Sum say we ar to be powder plotted over agin by Gy Fox, and others say we are to be infernaly shot at like the French King by Alibi. The Town Crier is as tottley hignorant as anny boddy, and Mr. Barber is equally unintelligent. Even our forin comunica-shuns seems to be circumventid. The Carryer ort to have cum in too hours ago.

Def Gorge has jist returnd from his errants and Grashus Pours ! wat a wicked self-committing story he tells ! Mr. Skultz the Germin Freutch bred backer has been rashly diskivered suspended in his own bakus ! The very last man alive too as won wood suspect of sich an extravagans for he was as sobber and stedly and ploddy and drugging as any mil horse in his bisness and had maid out all his costumery bills and postid his legger up to the fattle

act. And then to dress himself in all his best close as if for a Weding or Chrising with sich a last dying speach as follow in his pockit "Forety year I have side for libbertis rising and he is cum at last— The wurld is now wurth livin in and I quit him, with plesure." Oh Mrs. Humphris! to leave the Wurld behind markt with sich a roddimantade! But Ingland is not wat it was. Volluntary departers are as common as the mizzles. To my mind its all owin to the long piece that interduces forin fashuns even in sewy side. I allude to charecolling. Theirs Miss Creasy the dress maker after having the fashuns reglarly from Parris for some months was indust in a luv tif to shut her self up solus with the prevailing mode, but luckily the charcole went out fust. To giv her dew she is very pennytenshus for trying to put a wrong end to herself but dreadful lo in sperrits as she cant be reckonsild to make a shew of herself as is expectid with other rekivered peple at the Rial Human Anyversenary by marchin processhunally round the table a carrying her pan. Praps she is rite. I have objexshuns meself to defunked objex wauking after their deths.

News at last! Mrs. Fips the post Masters Wif has jist faverd me with a caul. She is verry misterous, and difficult to be got out of as our pump till its fetcht. Theres an awful plot and privycumspiracy been laid and all but hatcht at our verry dores:—but she declines menshunning the particularities. She found it all out she says most provedently by means of a letter that cum, unseald of its own accord. Howsumever on other matters she opend herself without reserve and wat an exposhure it is! Oh Mrs. Humphris! the hole place will be discomfitted for ever! It seems Mr. Higginbottom considderd it his public dewty to inspect into all the privit letters at the office witch to be sure might be interrupted into a motive of curoosity and has led to a deal of warm argy bargy pro and con on both sides. For my own parts I cannot say confidenshally. I should prefer to have my own hed and hart laid open to the public eye. However pore sole if he was blammable he has been maid an instrument of punishment by falling on his own head. Mrs. Fips says he had bearyl red abuv a dozzin singles and doubles.

wen behold all at once he maid a rush out of her shop taring and swaring like a Bedlam and was mobbed and bullick hunted home by the blaggards and boys. Wat past inside the house has not cum round yet but of corse it will thro the servants and when the quarril transpires she will let me no. But that is only a begining of a chapter. Only think if all the domesticle secrises of a place was to be learnd from its postesses! Wat divorcis and dewils there will be. She wont name names but Mrs. Fips says more than one femail karacter has calld express alreddy to inquier if it had been looked into. But sich is a revilushun! Even without blud shed it cuts off members from one annother and throws half the heds of fammilis into biling water! As Mrs. Fips says sich evils make one allmost dubbius whether scooling is more a blessin or a cus to the lour orders Lord nose. Praps without going so fir as setting a forbiddin face agin all larning it woud be prudential to confine that spear of life to wurds of one sillabus and then they could not meddle with pollytix or infiddlety, or seadition and sich like harrystocraticle

studdis abuv their ranks. For sartin a deal of mischief cums of pen and inkin. Their is pore Mary Griggs whose husbund has been set agin her by an anonimus litter. Its expected they will part and wat on erth can becum of them if him and her and all the five or six pore childering is to be two for the futer? What can cum but rack and manger—I should say rack and ruing—Drat that Mrs. Frisby! The hubbub is wus and wus with something like a clatterin of horsis. Grashus Pours! Mr. Blagg the Church Warding says in at the winder the Dragoons has been detacht for and is jist gallupin in with naked sords. Mercy on us what hawful groning and wimmins skreeks! I do hop and pray the populus will not stay to be overcharged. Oh Mrs. Humphris you must excuse moor at present. I am half kild already—and my husbund will finish it.

* * * * *

(*From Mr. J.*)

DEAR MRS. H.,

It is my unpleasant duty to have to corobborate every word my wife has said. The troops is drawn

up in the High Street, and Marshal Law is expected to act as soon as any Justice can be found to go along with him. By favour of Mr. Oaler, the Town Clerk, I have just had the pleasure of perusing one of the most diabolical seditious letters ever wrote. He has kindly allowed a copy, which I enclose for your gratification, and that of your friends, and remain with my wife's best sentiments including my own,

Yours, &c. &c.,

NATHANIEL JONES.

(COPY.)

BROTHER GRAND,

This is to inform the Club held its Meeting last nite at the old Place, with a full attending. The old Bisness were brought forrard and went the Way it oughted to. Sneak Home wanted more milder proceeding. But it was no go. Radicle Jack spoke up like a Trump. He said noboddy was satisfide with the Mesures brought in. They had been put of with prommises long enow the last Bill was shameful and

ought to be resisted to the last Drop. If they submitted any longer they was not Men. Every boddy knew what privit reasons Sneak Home had, but he would get verry Few to jine him in sticking up for the Crown. Great chearing at that. The time was come for a decisive movement. It would be all verry well if so be the Queen's head were left to itself. But there was another Party behind as cared for anything but the good of the Public. More chears. As for Old Prime, they had stuck by him too long Alredy all he wanted was to defraud them off their rites and give as littel as he could. But the day of Reckning would come and then he would see what he add got by his half mesures. More chearing. In the mean wile to act effective there must be Munny in hand And a good many out standing Subscriptions was earnestly invited to Walk in. Famous chearing. Twenty four new Members was voted in and took the Oths—and several Officers chose and appointed to Duties.

F. VICE.

From the Pogian Argus. (By Express.)

AN atrocious document, of which the following is a copy, has just been intercepted. We offer no comment—it speaks for itself. Some of the words, it will be perceived, are illegible in the original.

(COPY.)

DEER DICK,

About nite Wurk we was out Sundy nite—and
got on midling well But should hav dun better with
Guns apeace. That must be * * * * sum hows.
Club met last Nite and it was Movd and Carrid to
* * * * * off the Queens hed.

DARKY.

P.S. Yure Plan is a good move But yew must
make shure of the Gard.

From the "Exclusive."

A GENTLEMAN just arrived from the Neighbourhood of Stoke Pogis, where he collected everything he could hear from any body he met. The reports were very serious indeed. An infatuated mob with a banner inscribed "Bred for Ever" had burned every baker's shop in the place, and was proceeding avowedly to set fire to Mrs. Griggs's water mill and throw all the flour into the dam. Another band also bearing a flag with the motto "Vurk and Vages" had destroyed Mr. Grubbin's extensive manufactory, and great fears were entertained for Mr. Trotter's. The Dragoons had been ordered to charge in the High Street, and had gone over to the other side. Mr. Higginbottom was killed by a brick-bat, and Mr. Wigsby had elected himself Dictator. The Church of St. Magnum Bonus alone was left standing. All the other public buildings were burned down, and the once elegant Town Hall, containing the invaluable portraits of the successive Mayors, since 1450, was a heap of ruins.

(PRIVATE LETTER.)

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I resume my pen to give you the consoling and yet displeasing intelligence that our Riots are at an end. To speak more correctly they have never begun—however the dragoons are at this moment trotting out of the town, and my opposite neighbour Mrs. Faddy and her daughters are alighting from the carriage-and-four in which they have been sitting all the morning, to fly from the Revolution when it came. The mobs have dispersed—the prisoners are released and the streets are quiet, with the exception that one of the liberated, a Mrs. Frisby, is complaining somewhat loudly of the violated liberties of a subject during her walk home. If you ask me how this blessed calm was effected, what hand poured the oil, or what Xerxes chastised the refractory wave, truth compels me to say we are not indebted to magisterial firmness and sagacity, or constabulary activity, or even the presence of the military, for this desirable result. Peace has not been restored like Louis the XVIII. by any foreign

interference,—She has literally restored herself. The writers of what have been denominated the diabolical, seditious, and highly treasonable letters, have been discovered, or rather they have discovered themselves, and it turns out that, like other pseudo Tragedies, our provincial Drama of Domestic Interest has failed only for want of a plot. I feel almost ashamed to expose to you the flimsy materials of which the truly imposing fabric was constructed, that has just tumbled about the ears of its architects. But the explanation which has been given is too clear and consistent to be questioned. The formidable “Corresponding Club” is simply what is vulgarly called a Free and Easy, and the discontents of its members are confined to the badness of the beer, the shortness of the measures, the dearness of the charges, and certain irksome regulations of the landlord’s at the public-house they frequent. Being what is termed a brewer’s house, the influence in the background, which one of the letters alludes to, will be easily understood. The master, one Prime, is to my own knowledge not over courteous to his

customers, nor particularly honest ; and under such circumstances it is very natural to come to a resolution of "*leaving off the 'Queen's Head.'*" For the night work, and the armed meetings, the game-keepers in the neighbourhood could probably find a solution, and furnish, moreover, a very satisfactory reason for forming an acquaintance with the Guard of the Mail. In short, to use a classical allusion, our Volcanic Mountain has brought forth a most ridiculous mouse !

Accustomed to venerate all constituted authorities, I cannot reflect without pain and humiliation on the very absurd figures, if I may say so, which the Supreme Functionaries of my dear and native Village must now present to the rest of the world. It is equally distressing and ludicrous to see one of them pass by, like Alderman Chowder, just now, with a look which I can only compare to that of an individual who has hanged himself and been cut down—ashamed of what he had done and ashamed of what he had not. To add to the annoyance of the discomfited Corporation, the writers of the letters have claimed

the reward so rashly offered, and which will probably have to be paid out of their own pockets—the opposition party declaring loudly that the sum shall never be allowed in the municipal accounts.

I am,

My dear Charles, &c. &c.

H. J. P.

P.S.—I enclose a curious document: a copy of verses which, perhaps very naturally under the circumstances of the times, our Recorder mistook for an incendiary song.

COME, all conflagrating fellows,
Let us have a glorious rig :
Sing old Rose, and burn the bellows !
Burn me, but I'll burn my wig !

Christmas time is all before us :
Burn all puddings, north and south.
Burn the Turkey—Burn the Devil !
Burn snap-dragon ! burn your mouth !

Burn the coals ! they're up at sixty !
Burn Burn's Justice—burn Old Coke.
Burn the chestnuts. Burn the shovel !
Burn a fire, and burn the smoke !

Burn burnt almonds. Burn burnt brandy.
Let all burnings have a turn.
Burn Chabert, the Salamander,—
Burn the man that wouldn't burn !

Burn the old year out, don't ring it ;
Burn the one that must begin.
Burn Lang Syne ; and, whilst you're burning,
Burn the burn he paidled in.

Burn the boxing ! Burn the Beadle !
Burn the baker ! Burn his man !
Burn the butcher—Burn the dustman.
Burn the sweeper, if you can !

Burn the Postman ! burn the postage !
Burn the knocker—burn the bell !
Burn the folks that come for money !
Burn the bills—and burn 'em well.

Burn the Parish ! Burn the rating !
Burn all taxes in a mass.
Burn the paving ! Burn the Lighting !
Burn the burners ! Burn the gas !

Burn all candles, white or yellow—
Burn for war and not for peace !
Burn the Czar of all the Tallow !
Burn the King of all the Greece !

Burn all canters—burn in Smithfield.
Burn Tea-Tottle hum and bug ;
Burn his kettle, burn his water,
Burn his muffin, burn his mug !

Burn the brecks of meddling vicars,
Picking holes in Anna's Urns !
Burn all Steers's Opodeldoc,
Just for being good for burns.

Burn all swindlers ! Burn Asphaltum !
Burn the money-lenders down—
Burn all schemes that burn one's fingers !
Burn the Cheapest House in town !

Burn all bores and boring topics ;

Burn Brunel—aye, in his hole !

Burn all *subjects* that are Irish !

Burn the niggers black as coal

Burn all Boz's imitators !

Burn all tales without a head !

Burn a candle near the curtain

Burn your Burns, and burn your bed !

Burn all wrongs that won't be righted,

Poor poor Soup, and Spanish claims—

Burn that Bell, and burn his Vixen !

Burn all sorts of burning shames !

Burn the Whigs ! and burn the Tories !

Burn all parties, great and small !

Burn that everlasting Poynder—

Burn his Suttees once for all !

Burn the fop that burns tobacco.

Burn a Critic that condemns.—

Burn Lucifer and all his matches !

Burn the fool that burns the Thames !

Burn all burning agitators—
Burn all torch-parading elves !
And oh ! burn Parson Stephen's speeches,
If they haven't burnt themselves.



TURKEY HUNTING.

LORD DURHAM'S RETURN.

" On revient toujours."

French Song.

" And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak ?"

There's nae Luck about the House.

" THE Inconstant is come !"
It's in every man's mouth ;
From the East to the West,
From the North to the South ;
With a flag at her head,
And a flag at her stern ;
Whilst the Telegraph hints
At Lord Durham's return.

Turn wherever you will,
It's the great talk and small ;
Going up to Cornhill,
Going down to Whitehall ;
If you ask for the news,
It's the first you will learn,
And the last you will lose,
My Lord Durham's return.

The fat pig in the sty,
And the ox in the stall,
The old dog at the door,
And the cat on the wall ;
The wild bird in the bush,
And the hare in the fern,
All appear to have heard
Of Lord Durham's return.

It has flown all abroad,
It is known to goose-pens,
It is bray'd by the ass,
It is cackled by hens :

The Pintadas, indeed,
Make it quite their concern,
All exclaiming, "Come back!"
At Lord Durham's return.

It's the text over wine,
And the talk after tea ;
All are singing one tune,
Though not set in one key.
E'en the Barbers unite
Other gossip to spin,
Whilst they lather away
At Lord Durham's return.

All the Painters leave off,
And the Carpenters go,
And the Tailor above
Joins the Cobbler below,
In whole gallons of beer
To expend what they earn,
While discussing one pint,—
My Lord Durham's return.

It is timed in the Times,
With the News has a run,
Goes the round of the Globe,
And is writ in the Sun.
Like the Warren on walls,
Fancy seems to discern,
In great letters of chalk,
"Try Lord Durham's return!"

Not a murder comes out ;
The reporters repine ;
And a hanging is scarce
Worth a penny a line.
If a Ghost reappeared
With his funeral urn,
He'd be thrown in the shade
By Lord Durham's return.

No arrival could raise
Such a fever in town ;
There's a talk about 'Change
Of the Stocks going down ;

But the Butter gets up
Just as if in the churn,
It forgot it should come
In Lord Durham's return.

The most silent are loud ;
The most sleepy awake ;
Very odd that one man
Such a bustle can make !
But the schools all break up,
And both Houses adjourn,
To debate more at ease
On Lord Durham's return.

Is he well ? is he ill ?
Is he cheerful or sad ?
Has he spoken his mind
Of the breeze that he had ?
It was rather too soon
With home-sickness to yearn ;
There will come something yet
Of Lord Durham's return.

There's a sound in the wind
Since that ship is come home ;
There are signs in the air
Like the omens of Rome ;
And the lamps in the street,
And the stars as they burn,
Seem to give a flare-up
At Lord Durham's return !



LAMETON'S MANE.

A TABLE OF ERRATA.

(Hostess loquitur.)

WELL ! thanks be to Heaven,
The summons is given ;
It's only gone seven
And should have been six ;
There's fine overdoing
In roasting and stewing,
And victuals past chewing
To rags and to sticks !

How dreadfully chilly !
I shake, willy-nilly
That John is so silly
And never will learn !

This plate is a cold one,
That cloth is an old one,
I wish they had told one
The lamp wouldn't burn.

Now then for some blunder,
For nerves to sink under ;
I never shall wonder
Whatever goes ill.
That fish is a riddle !
It's broke in the middle.
A Turbot ! a fiddle !
It's only a Brill !

It's quite over-boiled too,
The butter is oil'd too,
The soup is all spoil'd too,
It's nothing but slop.
The smelts looking flabby,
The soles are as dabby,
It all is so shabby
That Cook shall not stop !

As sure as the morning,
She gets a month's warning,
My orders for scorning—

There's nothing to eat !

I hear such a rushing,
I feel such a flushing,
I know I am blushing

As red as a beet !

Friends flatter and flatter,
I wish they would chatter ;
What *can* be the matter

That nothing comes next ?

How very unpleasant !

Lord ! there is the pheasant !

Not wanted at present,

I'm born to be vexed !

The pudding brought on too !

And aiming at ton too !

And where is that John too,

The plague that he is ?

He's off on some ramble :
And there is Miss Campbell,
Enjoying the scramble,
Detestable Quiz !

The veal they all eye it,
But no one will try it,
An Ogre would shy it
So ruddy as that !
And as for the mutton,
The cold dish it's put on,
Converts to a button
Each drop of the fat.

The beef without mustard !
My fate 's to be fluster'd,
And there comes the custard .
To eat with the hare !
Such flesh, fowl, and fishing,
Such waiting and dishing,
I cannot help wishing
A woman might swear !

Oh dear ! did I ever—
But no, I did never—
Well, come, that is clever,
 To send up the brawn !
That cook, I could scold her,
Gets worse as she 's older ;
I wonder who told her
 That woodcocks are drawn !

It's really audacious !
I cannot look gracious,
Lord help the voracious
 That came for a cram !
There's Alderman Fuller
Gets duller and duller.
Those fowls, by the colour,
 Were boil'd with the ham !

Well, where is the curry?
I'm all in a flurry.*
No, cook 's in no hurry—
 A stoppage again !

And John makes it wider,
A pretty provider !
By bringing up older
Instead of champagne !

My troubles come faster !
There's my lord and master
Detects each disaster,
And hardly can sit :
He cannot help seeing,
All things disagreeing ;
If *he* begins d—ing
I'm off in a fit !

This cooking ?—it's messing !
The spinach wants pressing,
And salads in dressing
Are best with good eggs.
And John—yes, already—
Has had something heady,
That makes him unsteady
In keeping his legs.

How *shall* I get through it !

I never can do it,

I'm quite looking to it,

To sink by and by.

Oh! would I were dead now,

Or up in my bed now,

To cover my head now

And have a good cry !



FIZZYOGNOMY.

QUERIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

I.

ARE Fish Deaf as well as Dumb?

Certainly not ; or why should there be a picture in a certain Catholic Church of an Apostle preaching to a scaly congregation, with their heads and shoulders attentively lifted out of the water? Besides, Izaak Walton gives an instance of Carp which were regularly collected at feeding time, like human creatures, by the sound of a dinner-bell. It is established then that they hear with their outward ears ; but do they do it with understanding? Passing over as fabulous the fishes of four colours in the Arabian

Nights, which heard and comprehended the Fairy's address to them, and even answered it from the pan—I think it may be predicated of a Brill. A few days back I saw a fish of this description offered for sale at the door of the house opposite to my own.—“Will you buy a fine Brill, Ma'am—quite fresh—only caught this morning—leaping alive?” The Brill on the contrary lay, dab, on the board, as “stale, flat, and unprofitable,” as a fish could look. “Why no—not to-day,” was the answer of Mrs. Cook. The board was caught up again, and with the woman had just cleared the door, when, behold! the Brill threw as much of a somerset as any fish out of water could be expected to perform. Could a Christian—supposing we bought and boiled Christians and ate them with anchovy sauce—could a Christian have behaved more brilliantly under such an emergency?

II.

Can a Fly read in a book?

“Yes,” answers a Punster; “all the *fly-leaf*.”

But the question is intended seriously. Can the

insect read—read like a child that runs—read like a reader in a printing-office? Not to enumerate the quantity of Fugitive—or flying—Poems, the Flying Post, and other works which seem expressly addressed to a Blue Bottle's perusal, I flatter myself that the question in question can be provided with a settler. I happened to be reading one day near the open window, when a Fly came and settled on the open page; it then began to run backward and forward along the lines in such a very suspicious manner, as to induce me to watch its motions. And very curious they were! The book was the Eccentric Mirror, and the chapter an account of one Mr. Joseph Capper, a whimsical character, who used to live at the Horns at Kennington. We—for I must include the other—had read on very comfortably through several sentences, till coming to the mention of a strong fly-killing propensity, which procured for Mr. Capper the nickname of Domitian—judge of my astonishment when I saw the insect jump up as if it had burnt its feet and fly rapidly away! The following little anecdote appears to confirm my theory. When I

was last in Dublin, I was struck by seeing over a shop an inscription strangely at variance with the trade carried on within. After making some trifling purchase, I ventured to ask the proprietor for the reason of this discrepancy. "Sure, thin," said he, "it was to spare the sugar. There was GROCER at first there up over the winder, but it brought so many of the flies, bad luck to them! that I have had TOBACCONIST put up instead."

III.

Has a cat nine lives?

A cat, it is said, has nine lives; but on what authority is unknown. Perhaps Julius Cæsar, or Seizer, or Seize-her, whose bitter warfare against the Cattii is well known, invented the fatal saying. Possibly it came from Catiline, who, amongst his other conspiracies, entertained one against the whole feline race. At all events it was the invention of an enemy. The nine lives were cunningly set up, like nine pins, to invite the knocking of them down again. Hence an Inquisition, which, instead of sharing the fate of the

other so called tribunal, is still in active existence, and numerous are the victims, tabby and tortoiseshell, that have perished under its examinations. At the first hint of the ninefold tenure, every boy of an inquiring turn feels inclined to look into such an extraordinary dispensation ; and though it should be his own aunt's cat—which is always half a relation—the young Cateran does not hesitate to test its imputed vitality. Indeed, all classes seem to feel themselves catcalled to decide upon the point ; and the result is, that Grimalkin is not only as easily brought to her catastrophe as any other animal, but has actually above nine modes of death (any one of them a dose) distinctly addressed to her. Here is the Catalogue :—

1. By a Catapult—or Cat-pelting engine for throwing stones, &c.
2. By Catarrh—a ropy disease of the throat.
3. By a Cataclysm or Cataract—*vulgo* drowning.
4. By Cat o' ninetails—or flogging to death.
5. By Catacombing—or premature interment.

6. By Catalepsy—or cat's fits.
7. By the Catling—or surgeon's knife for dissection.
8. By Catsup—made with toadstools in lieu of mushrooms.
9. By Catamaran—or exposure on a raft in a pond.
10. By Catechising dogmatically with terriers.
11. By Care—which proverbially kills cats.

To which might be added *felis de se*, or cattish suicide. When I resided in chambers in the Adelphi, a strange cat by some accident got shut up in a back room, four stories from the ground. Unluckily she had kittens at home, and being separated from her brood, and anxious for her offspring, she made a spring off the window to the yard, where, as a sailor would say, she stove in her cat-head.

Talking of Cats, the following characteristic anecdote of an eminent but eccentric surgeon has never before appeared in print. A poor woman went to him to enquire what was the proper treatment for

some bodily wound. "Put on a Cataplasm" was the answer. "But, Doctor, it's for a little child." "Then put on a Kittenplasm."



IF YOU ARE NOT ENGAGED FOR THE NEXT SET.

ALL ROUND MY HAT.

A NEW VERSION.

"Meditate—meditate I beseech you, upon Trim's hat."

Tristram Shandy.

COME, my old hat, my steps attend!
However wags may sneer and scoff,
My castor still shall be my friend,
For I'll not be a caster off.
So take again your olden place,
That always found you fit and pat,
Whatever mode might please the race,
All round my hat, all round my hat!

All round the world while I've a head,
However I may chance to be
Without a home—without a shed,
My tile shall be a roof to me.
Black, rusty grey, devoid of pelt,
A shocking shape or beaten flat,
Still there are joys that may be felt
All round my hat, all round my hat!

The Quaker loves an ample brim,
A hat that bows to no salam—
And dear the beaver is to him
As if it never made a dam.
All men in drab he calleth friends;
But there's a broader brim than that—
Give me the love that comprehends
All round my hat, all round my hat!

The Monarch binds his brows in gold,
With gems and pearls to sparkle there;
But still a hat, a hat that's old,
They say is much more easy wear.

At regal state I'll not repine
For Kaiser, King, or Autocrat,
Whilst there's a golden sun to shine
All round my hat, all round my hat !

The Soldier seeks the field of death,
He fights, he fires, he faints, he falls,—
To gain an airy laurel wreath,
With berries made of musket balls.
No love have I for shot and shell,
With hissings sharp that end in flat—
Chafers and gnats sing just as well
All round my hat, all round my hat!

As yet, my hat, you've got a crown ;
A little nap the brush can find ;
You are not very, very brown,
Nor very much scrubb'd up behind.
As yet your brim is broad and brave,
I took some little care of that,
By not saluting ev'ry knave
All round my hat, all round my hat!

As yet, my hat, I've got a house,
And dine as other people do,
And fate propitious still allows
A home for me—a peg for you.
But say my bread were but a crumb,
Myself as poor as any rat—
Why, I could cry, "Good people, come
All round my hat, all round my hat!"

As yet the best of womankind
Continues all that wife should be,
And in the self-same room I find,
Her bonnet and my hat agree.
But say the bliss should not endure,
That she should turn a perfect cat,
I'd trust to time to bring a cure,
All round my hat, all round my hat!

No acres broad pertain to me
To furnish cattle, coal, or corn;
Like people that are born at sea,
There was no land where I was born:—

Yet, when my flag of life is furl'd—
What landlord can do more than that ?
I'll leave my heir the whole wide world
All round my hat, all round my hat !



BEN BLUFF.**A PATHETIC BALLAD.**

"Pshaw, you are not on a whaling voyage, where everything that offers is game."—*The Pilot*.

BEN BLUFF was a whaler, and many a day
Had chased the huge fish about Baffin's old Bay ;
But time brought a change his diversion to spoil,
And that was when Gas took the shine out of Oil.

He turn'd up his nose at the fumes of the coke,
And swore the whole scheme was a bottle of smoke :
As to London he briefly deliver'd his mind,
"Sparmacity," said he—but the City declined.

So Ben cut his line in a sort of a huff,
As soon as his Whales had brought profits enough,
And hard by the Docks settled down for his life,
But, true to his text, went to Wales for a wife.

A big one she was, without figure or waist,
More bulky than lovely, but that was his taste ;
In fat she was lapp'd from her sole to her crown,
And turn'd into oil would have lighted a town.

But Ben like a Whaler was charm'd with the match,
And thought, very truly, his spouse a great catch ;
A flesh-and-blood emblem of Plenty and Peace,
And would not have changed her for Helen of
Greece.

For Greenland was green in his memory still ;
He'd quitted his trade, but retain'd the good-will ;
And often when soften'd by bumbo and flip,
Would cry till he blubber'd about his old ship.

No craft like the Grampus could work through a
floe,
What knots she could run, and what tons she could
stow !
And then that rich smell he preferr'd to the rose,
By just nosing the hold without holding his nose !

Now Ben he resolved, one fine Saturday night,
A snug arctic circle of friends to invite,
Old Tars in the trade, who related old tales,
And drank, and blew clouds that were "very like
whales."

Of course with their grog there was plenty of chat
Of canting, and flenching, and cutting up fat;
And how Gun Harpoons into fashion had got,
And if they were meant for the Gun-whale or not?

At last they retired, and left Ben to his rest,
By fancies cetaceous and drink well possess'd,
When, lo! as he lay by his partner in bed,
He heard something blow through two holes in its
head!

"A start!" mutter'd Ben, in the Grampus afloat,
And made but one jump from the deck to the
boat!

"Huzza! pull away for the blubber and bone—
I look on that whale as already my own!"

Then groping about by the light of the moon,
He soon laid his hand on his trusty harpoon ;
A moment he poised it, to send it more pat,
And then made a plunge to imbed it in fat !

“Starn all !” he sang out, “as you care for your
lives—

Starn all, as you hope to return to your wives—
Stand by for the flurry ! she throws up the foam !
Well done, my old iron, I’ve sent you right home !”

And scarce had he spoken, when lo ! bolt
upright

The Leviathan rose in a great sheet of white,
And swiftly advanced for a fathom or two,
As only a fish out of water could do.

“Starn all !” echoed Ben, with a movement aback,
But too slow to escape from the creature’s attack ;
If flippers it had, they were furnish’d with nails,—
“You willin, I’ll teach you that Women an’t
Whales !”

"Avast!" shouted Ben, with a sort of a screech,
"I've heard a Whale spouting, but here is a speech!"
"A-spouting, indeed!—very pretty," said she;
"But it's you I'll blow up, not the froth of the
sea!"

"To go to pretend to take *me* for a fish!
You great Polar Bear—but I know what you wish—
You're sick of a wife that your hankering baulks,
You want to go back to some young Esquimaux!"

"O dearest," cried Ben, frighten'd out of his life,
"Don't think I would go for to murder a wife
I must long have bewail'd"—But she only cried "Stuff!
Don't name it, you brute, you've *be-whaled* me
enough!"

"Lord, Polly!" said Ben, "such a deed could I do?
I'd rather have murder'd all Wapping than you!
Come, forgive what is past." "Oh you monster!"
she cried,
"It was none of your fault that it pass'd of one side!"

However, at last she inclined to forgive ;
“ But, Ben, take this warning as long as you live—
If the love of harpooning so strong must prevail,
Take a whale for a wife, not a wife for a whale.”



FLYING FISH.

THE CHARACTER.

"I would give ten thousand pounds for a character."

Colonel Chartres.

"If you please, Ma'am," said Betty, wiping her steaming arms on her apron as she entered the room, "if you please, Ma'am, here's the lady for the character."

Mrs. Dowdum immediately jumped up from her chair, and with a little run, no faster than a walk, proceeded from the window to the fire-place, and consulted an old-fashioned watch which stood on the mantel-shelf.

"Bless me ! it is twelve o'clock sure enough !"

Now, considering that the visit was by appoint-

ment, and had been expected for the last hour, it will be thought remarkable that Mrs. Dowdum should be so apparently unprepared ; but persons who move in the higher circles within the vortex of what is called a perpetual round of pleasure, where visits, welcome or unwelcome, circulate with proportionate rapidity, can hardly estimate the importance of an interview in those lower spheres which, comparatively, scarcely revolve at all. Thus for the last hour Mrs. Dowdum had been looking for the promised call, and listening with all her might for the sound of the knocker ; and yet when it did come, she was as much flurried as people commonly are by what is denominated a drop in. Accordingly, after consulting the watch, she found it necessary to refer to the looking-glass which hung above it, and to make an extempore toilet. First, she laid hold of her cap with both hands, and gave it—her flaxen wig following the impulse—what sailors term a half turn to the right, after which she repeated the same manœuvre towards the left ; and then, as if by this operation she had discovered the *juste milieu*, she left matters as they were. Her

shawl was next treated in the same fashion, first being lapped over one way, and then lapped over the other, and carefully pinned. Finally she gathered up a handful of the front of her gown below the waist, and gave it a smart tug downwards; and then having stroked it with both hands to make it "sit flat," if possible, instead of round, the costume was considered as quite correct. The truth is, the giving a character is an important business to all parties concerned: to the subject, who is about to be blazoned or branded as good for everything or good for nothing—to the inquirer, who is on the eve of adopting a Pamela or a Jezabel—and last, not least, to the referee herself, who must show that she has a character to preserve, as well as one to give away. There are certain standard questions always asked on such occasions, against one of which, "Is she clean and neat in her habits?" Mrs. Dowdum had already provided. "Is she sober?" and Mrs. Dowdum thrust a bottle of catsup, but which might have been taken for ratifia, into the corner cupboard. "Is she honest?" and Mrs. Dowdum poked the Newgate Calendar she had been reading

under the sofa bolster. An extra query will occasionally be put—"Is she decidedly pious?" and Mrs. Dowdum took up "Pilgrim's Progress." Lastly, two chairs were placed near the window, as chairs always are placed when the respective sitters are to give and take a character. The reader will perhaps smile here; but in reality there is a great deal of expression about those rosewood or mahogany conveniences. A close observer who enters a parlour or drawing-room, and finds a parcel of empty seats away from the wall, can judge pretty shrewdly, from the area of the circle and other circumstances, of the nature of the foregone visit. Should the ring be large, and the seats far apart, the visit has been formal. A closer circuit implies familiarity. Two chairs side by side in front of the fender are strictly confidential—one on each side of the rug hints a *tête-à-tête* matrimonial. A chair which presents an angle to its companions, has been occupied by a young lady from boarding-school, who always sits at one corner. Two chairs placed back to back need not speak—they are not upon speaking terms; and a chair thrown down, especially if broken,

is equally significant. A creditor's seat is invariably beside the door; and should you meet with a chair which is neither near the fire, nor near the table, nor near any wooden companion, be sure that it has been the resting-place of a poor relation. In the present case, Mrs. Dowdum's two chairs were placed square, and dead opposite to each other, as if the parties who were to occupy them were expected to look straight into each other's faces. It might be called the categorical position.

"Now then, Betty, I am ready; show the lady up."

The lady was accordingly ushered up by Betty, who then retired, closing the door behind her, as slowly as servants always do, when they are shutting the curiosity without and the news within. After the usual compliments, the lady then opened the business, and the parties fell into dialogue.

"I am informed, Madam, by Ann Gale, that she lived with you three years?"

"Certainly, Ma'am—last Martinmas; which made it a month over, all but two days."

"She is sober, of course?"

"As a judge, Ma'am—wouldn't touch a drop of spirits for the world. Many's the good glass of g—I have offered her of a washer day, for we washes at home, Ma'am ; but she always declined."

"And she is steady otherwise—for instance, as to followers?"

"Followers, Ma'am ! nothing in the shape, Ma'am ; it would not be allowed *here*:" and Mrs. Dowdum drew herself up till her gown wanted smoothing down again.

"And her temper?"

"Remarkable mild, Ma'am. Can't be a sweeter. I've tried on purpose to try it, and couldn't put her out."

"I beg pardon, Madam, for asking such a question in such a house ; but she is clean in her habits of course?"

"Of course, as you say, Ma'am ; else she wouldn't have stayed so long here :" and Mrs. Dowdum looked round her tidy apartments with great complacency.

"So far so good," said the lady, fixing her large

dark eyes intently on the little grey ones opposite.

“And now, Madam, let me ask you the most important question of all. Is—~~SHE~~—HONEST?”

“As the day, Ma’am—you might trust her with untold goold!”

“Excuse me, Madam, but have you ever trusted her with it yourself?”

“Lord, Ma’am, scores and scores of times! She used to pay my bills, and always brought me the receipts as regular as clock-work.”

“I am afraid, Madam, that circumstance is hardly decisive. Could she be trusted, do you think, in a house where there is a great deal of property—the mistress a little careless perhaps—and gold and bank-notes and loose change often lying about—to say nothing of the plate, and my own jewels?”

“All I can say is, Ma’am, I never missed any thing—never! And not for want of opportunity—there’s that watch, Ma’am, over the fire-place, it’s a gold one and a repeater, Ma’am; she might have took it over and over, and me no wiser, for I’m apt to be absent. Then as for plate there’s always my best silver teapot in that corner cupboard—”

“That may be all very true, Madam, and yet not very satisfactory. It’s the principle, Madam, it’s the principle. Have you never found her making free with trifles—tea for instance, or your needles and pins?”

“Why, Ma’am, I can’t say exactly, not having watched such trifles on purpose—but certainly I have not lost more that way than by servants in general.”

“Ah, there it is!” exclaimed the lady, casting up her hands and eyes. “Nobody thinks of crime in its infancy—as if it would not grow up like everything else! We begin with pins and needles, and get on to brooches and rings. You will excuse, Madam, my being so particular, but nobody has suffered so much by dishonesty. I have been stripped three times.”

“You don’t say so!” exclaimed Mrs. Dowdum, with a motion of her chair towards the other, which telegraphically hinted a wish to know all the particulars.

“It is too true, indeed,” said the lady, with a profound sigh, “and always by means of servants. The first time all my plate went—2000 ounces, Madam, with the family crest, a boar’s head—Madam. Then they cleared off all the family linen, a beautiful stock,

Madam, just renewed; and the third time I lost all my ornaments, pearls, Madam, emeralds—topazes—and diamonds, Madam, the diamonds I went to Court in.”

“It must have broke your heart, Ma’am,” observed Mrs. Dowdum, finishing with a prolonged and peculiar clucking with her tongue against the roof of her mouth.

“It nearly did, Madam,” said the lady, pulling out her handkerchief. “Not for my losses, however, although they were sufficiently considerable—but for the degradation of human nature. A girl too, that I had brought up under my own eye, and had impressed, as I thought, with the strictest principles of honesty. Morning, noon, and night, I impressed upon her the same lesson,—whatever you do, I used to say, be honest. It’s the fourth of the cardinal virtues—faith, hope, charity, honesty.”

“And the best policy besides,” said Mrs. Dowdum.

“The best policy, Madam!—the only policy, here or hereafter! It’s one of the first principles of our nature, Madam. The very savages acknowledge it, and recognise the grand distinction of *meum* and *tuum*. As Doctor Watts finely says—

‘ Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will,
Hands were made for honest labour, ‘
Not to plunder or to steal.’ ”

“ Yes, that’s a truism indeed,” said Mrs. Dowdum.
“ And pray what might become of the wicked hussy
after all ? ”

“ Ah ! there’s my trouble, Madam,” said the lady,
clasping her hands together. “ With my own will
she should have lived a prey to her own reflections—
but my husband would not hear of it. He could
forgive anything, he said, but dishonesty. So the
Bow-Street runners were sent for,—the unhappy girl
was tried—I had to appear against her, and she—she
—she—oh, oh !”—and the lady, covering her face
with her hands, fell back in her chair.

“ Be composed, Ma’am,—pray do—pray do—do,
do, do,” ejaculated the agitated Mrs. Dowdum. “ You
must take a sniff of something—or a glass of wine—.”

“ No—nothing—not for the world,” sobbed the faint-
ing lady—“ only water—a little water ! ”

The good-natured Mrs. Dowdum instantly jumped
from her chair, and ran down stairs for a tumbler of

the fluid—she then rushed up stairs for her own smelling-bottle ; and then she returned to the drawing room, where she found her visitor, who eagerly took a long draught of the restorative.

“ I am better—indeed I am—only a little faintness” —murmured the reviving patient. “ But it is an awful thing—a very awful thing, Madam, to conduce even indirectly to the execution of a human being—for the poor creature was hung.”

“ Aye, I guessed as much,” said Mrs. Dowdum, with a fresh clucking, and a grave shake of the head. “ Well, that’s just my own feeling to a T. I don’t think I could feel delighted at hanging any one, no, not even if they was to steal the house over my head !”

“ I honour you for your humanity, Madam,” said the lady, warmly pressing Mrs. Dowdum’s little fat hand between both her own. “ I hope you will never find occasion to revoke such sentiments. In the meantime I am extremely obliged—extremely. Ann may come when she likes—and I have the honour to wish you a very, very, good morning.”

“ And I’m sure, Ma’am, I wish you the same,”

replied Mrs. Dowdum, endeavouring to imitate the profound curtsey with which she was favoured, "and I hope and trust you will find poor Ann turn out everything that can be wished. I *do* think you may repose confidently on her honesty, I do indeed, Ma'am."

"We shall see, Madam, we shall see," repeated the Lady as she went down the stairs, whence she was ushered by Betty, who received a piece of money during the passage, to the street door.

"What a nice woman!" soliloquized Mrs. Dowdum, as she watched her visitor across the street and round the corner. "What a *very* nice woman! Quite a lady too—and how she *have* suffered! I don't wonder she is so suspicious—but then she is so forgiving along with it! It was quite beautiful to hear her talk about honesty—Faith, Hope, and Honesty,—

'Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will'—

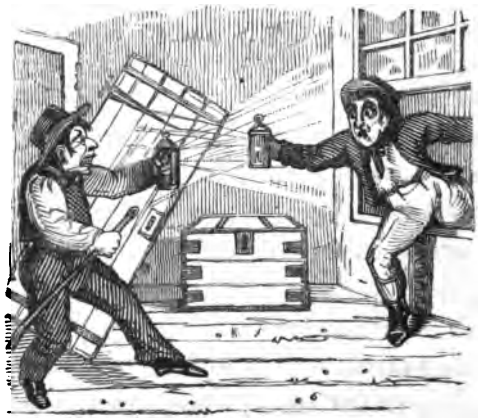
Why indeed! I could have listened to her—but—
Mercy on us! Where *is* the goold watch as was on
the mantel!—and—O Lord! where *is* the silver tea-

pot I can't see in the cupboard? Thieves! Thieves! Thieves!"

* * * * *

"And to think," said Mrs. Dowdum, at her twentieth repetition of the story—"to think that I've lost the family goold watch and my silver teapot, by letting of her in!"

"And to think," said Betty to herself, putting her hand in her pocket, "to think that I only got a bad shilling for letting of her out!"



DOUBLE ENTRY.

A PLAIN DIRECTION.

"Do you never deviate?"

John Bull.

IN London once I lost my way
In faring to and fro,
And ask'd a little ragged boy
The way that I should go ;
He gave a nod, and then a wink,
And told me to get there
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I box'd his little saucy ears,
And then away I strode ;
But since I've found that weary path
Is quite a common road.
Utopia is a pleasant place,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've read about a famous town
That drove a famous trade,
Where Whittington walk'd up and found
A fortune ready made.
The very streets are paved with gold ;
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've read about a Fairy Land,
In some romantic tale,
Where Dwarfs if good are sure to thrive
And wicked Giants fail.

My wish is great, my shoes are strong,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard about some happy Isle,
Where ev'ry man is free,
And none can lie in bonds for life
For want of L. S. D.
Oh that's the land of Liberty!
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've dreamt about some blessed spot,
Beneath the blessed sky,
Where Bread and Justice never rise
Too dear for folks to buy.
It's cheaper than the Ward of Cheap,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is an ancient House,
As pure as it is old,
Where Members always speak their minds,
And votes are never sold.
I'm fond of all antiquities,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is a Royal Court
Maintain'd in noble state,
Where ev'ry able man, and good,
Is certain to be great!
I'm very fond of seeing sights,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is a Temple too,
Where Christians come to pray;
But canting knaves and hypocrites,
And bigots keep away.

O ! that's the parish church for me !

But how shall I get there ?

“ Straight down the Crooked Lane,

And all round the Square.”

They say there is a Garden fair,

That's haunted by the dove,

Where love of gold doth ne'er eclipse

The golden light of love—

The place must be a Paradise,

But how shall I get there ?

“ Straight down the Crooked Lane,

And all round the Square.”

I've heard there is a famous Land

For public spirit known—

Whose Patriots love its interests

Much better than their own.

The Land of Promise sure it is !

But how shall I get there ?

“ Straight down the Crooked Lane,

And all round the Square.”

I've read about a fine Estate,
A Mansion large and strong ;
A view all over Kent and back,
And going for a song.
George Robins knows the very spot,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard there is a Company
All formal and enroll'd,
Will take your smallest silver coin
And give it back in gold.
Of course the office door is mobb'd,
But how shall I get there ?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard about a pleasant land,
Where omelettes grow on trees,
And roasted pigs run crying out,
"Come eat me, if you please."

My appetite is rather keen,
But how shall I get there ?
“ Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.”



COMING TO THE POINT.

THE ASSISTANT DRAPERS' PETITION.

"Now's the time and now's the hour."—*Burns*.

"Seven's the main."—*Crockford*.

OF all the agitations of the time—and agitation is useful in disturbing the duckweed that is apt to gather on the surface of human affairs—the ferment of the assistant shopmen in the metropolis is perhaps the most beneficial. Many vital queries have lately disturbed the public mind; for instance, ought the fleet of the Thames Yacht Club to be reinforced, in the event of a war with Russia, or should the Little Pedlington Yeomanry be called out, in case of a rupture with Prussia? But these are merely national questions; whereas the Drapers' movement suggests

an inquiry of paramount importance to mankind in general—namely, “When ought we to leave off?”

It is the standard complaint against jokers, and whist-players, and children, whether playing or crying—that they “never know when to leave off.”

It is the common charge against English winters and flannel waistcoats—it is occasionally hinted of rich and elderly relations—it is constantly said of snuff-takers, and gentlemen who enjoy a glass of good wine—that they “do not know when to leave off.”

It is the fault oftenest found with certain preachers, sundry poets and all prozers, scolds, parliamentary orators, superannuated story-tellers, she-gossips, morning callers, and some leave-takers, that they “do not know when to leave off.” It is insinuated as to gowns and coats, of which waiting-men and waiting-women have the reversion.

It is the characteristic of a Change Alley speculator—of a beaten boxer—of a builder’s row, with his own name to it—of Hollando-Belgic protocols—of German metaphysics—of works in numbers—of buyers and sellers on credit—of a theatrical cadence

—of a shocking bad hat—and of the Gentleman's Magazine, that they “do not know when to leave off.”

A romp—all Murphy's frosts, showers, storms and hurricanes—and the Wandering Jew, are in the same predicament.

As regards the Assistant Drapers, they appear to have arrived at a very general conclusion, that their proper period for leaving off is at or about seven o'clock in the evening ; and it seems by the following poetical address that they have rhyme, as well as reason, to offer in support of their resolution.

THE DRAPERS' PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a class of men,

Who, though they bow to fashion and frivolity ;
No fancied claims or woes fictitious pen,
But wrongs ell-wide, and of a lasting quality.

Oppress'd and discontented with our lot,

Amongst the clamorous we take our station ;
A host of Ribbon Men—yet is there not
One piece of Irish in our agitation.

We do revere Her Majesty the Queen,
We venerate our Glorious Constitution ;
We joy King William's advent should have been,
And only want a Counter Revolution.

'Tis not Lord Russell and his final measure,
'Tis not Lord Melbourne's counsel to the throne,
'Tis not this Bill or that gives us displeasure,
The measures we dislike are all our own.

The Cash Law the " Great Western " loves to name,
The tone our foreign policy pervading ;
The Corn Laws—none of these we care to blame,
Our evils we refer to over-trading.

By Tax or Tithe our murmurs are not drawn ;
We reverence the Church—but hang the cloth !
We love her ministers—but curse the lawn !
We have, alas ! too much to do with both !

We love the sex :—to serve them is a bliss !
We trust they find us civil, never surly ;
All that we hope of female friends is this,
That their last linen may be wanted early.

Ah ! who can tell the miseries of men

That serve the very cheapest shops in town ?

Till faint and weary, they leave off at ten,

Knock'd up by ladies beating of 'em down !

But has not Hamlet his opinion given—

O Hamlet had a heart for Drapers' servants !

“ That custom is ”—say custom after seven—

“ More honour'd in the breach than the observance.”

O come then, gentle ladies, come in time,

O'erwhelm our counters, and unload our shelves ;

Torment us all until the seventh chime,

But let us have the remnant to ourselves !

We wish of knowledge to lay in a stock,

And not remain in ignorance incurable ;—

To study Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Locke,

And other fabrics that have proved so durable.

We long for thoughts of intellectual kind,

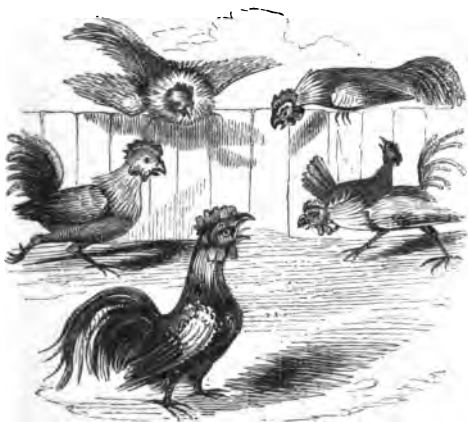
And not to go bewilder'd to our beds ;

With stuff and fustian taking up the mind,

And pins and needles running in our heads !

For oh ! the brain gets very dull and dry,
Selling from morn till night for cash or credit ;
Or with a vacant face and vacant eye,
Watching cheap prints that Knight did never edit.

Till sick with toil, and lassitude extreme,
We often think, when we are dull and vapoury,
The bliss of Paradise was so supreme,
Because that Adam did not deal in drapery.



CALLING A MEETING.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.



My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd,
My curtains drawn and all is snug ;
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream,
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo and she was won,
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done !

Away we went in chaise-and-four,
As fast as grinning boys could flog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come!
But tête-à-têtes must still defer!
When Susan came to live with me,
Her mother came to live with her!
With sister Belle she couldn't part,
But all *my* ties had leave to jog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll—
A monkey too, what work he made!
The sister introduced a Beau—
My Susan brought a favourite maid.
She had a tabby of her own,—
A snappish mongrel christen'd Gog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

The Monkey bit—the Parrot scream'd,
All day the sister strumm'd and sung ;
The petted maid was such a scold !
My Susan learn'd to use her tongue :
Her mother had such wretched health,
She sate and croak'd like any frog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

No longer Deary, Duck, and Love,
I soon came down to simple "M!"
The very servants cross'd my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seem'd my own,
I might as well have been a log—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

My clothes they were the queerest shape !
Such coats and hats she never met !
My ways they were the oddest ways !
My friends were such a vulgar set !

Poor Tomkinson was snubb'd and huff'd—
She could not bear that Mister Blogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

At times we had a spar, and then
Mama must mingle in the song—
The sister took a sister's part—
The Maid declared her Master wrong—
The Parrot learn'd to call me "Fool!"
My life was like a London fog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
As proved by bills that had no end—
I never had a decent coat—
I never had a coin to spend!
She forced me to resign my Club,
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
To fops and flirts, a pretty list ;
And when I tried to steal away,
I found my study full of whist !
Then, first to come and last to go,
There always was a Captain Hogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

Now was not that an awful dream
For one who single is and snug—
With Pussy in the elbow-chair
And Tray reposing on the rug ?—
If I must totter down the hill,
'Tis safest done without a clog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE RAILWAY.



My acquaintance with railways commenced on the Belgian line, at the quaint, ancient, and picturesque city of Bruges. The carriages were all full, except the one nearest the engine, against which there is some prejudice, as being the vehicle that "must bust fust." There was only one other passenger, a lady, in the opposite seat; and, as far as the time allowed, we entered into conversation.

"This is a quick mode of travelling, Madam, compared with the old horse-powers."

"I really wish I could think so, Sir," replied the lady; "but it is far from the saving, either in time or expense, that I was led to anticipate. I am going to

Ostend, and, according to my own highly-raised expectations, I ought to have dined there yesterday. What is more provoking, I brought some cold provision along with me, but it was deposited by mistake amongst the luggage, and I am informed that I cannot get at either till the end of my journey."

There was no time to answer ; Chak ! chak ! chak-kery-chit-chittery-churr ! talked the engine, increasing in velocity every minute. Houses flew past—then cottages and little gardens, with groups of children's faces, all looking alike, and all going to cheer, but we left the voices behind. The pace was certainly good ; however, it relaxed after a while, and at last we stopped.

"There is a great sameness about this country," I remarked, pointing to a stagnant piece of water beside the road, something between a ditch and a canal, half water and half bulrushes. On the other side of the ditch there was a row of stunted willows, beafing the same proportion to trees as Brussels sprouts to cabbages ; beyond, by way of distance, stretched a vast dingy flat, with a church steeple on the horizon, a real land-mark, no doubt, to the

mariner, to inform him that the flat aforesaid was land and not sea.


"A great sameness, indeed," said the lady. "Look on either side, and you would almost swear you had seen the same dull uninteresting level before."

Chak! chak! chakkery-chit-chit-churrrr! Being somewhat hard of hearing, the rumble caused by the friction of the wheels and rails, however slight, was sufficient to disconcert my organ. The lady's lips kept moving, but I could not distinguish a syllable. There was no alternative but to watch the moving diorama that was gliding past the window. The staple article of the view was a mud bank, which seemed being reeled off like a long broad drab watered ribbon. Now and then came a workman, with difficulty distinguished from his barrow, his red nightcap flashing by like a fiery meteor. The willows which bordered the road, or marked the boundaries of a field, coalesced into a stream of foliage. The peasant, who stood to stare at us, seemed to be enjoying a rapid slide in the opposite direction, whilst occasionally a cur would dart out of a cottage to bark

at the train, and by running parallel with us, with all his might, contrived to appear stationary, violently lifting up his legs and putting them down again to no purpose. Fresh editions of the broad ditches, and the scrubby trees, and the gloomy flats, kept whirling past.

“A great sameness indeed,” said the lady, availing herself of a temporary halt to resume the subject; “and as if to render the uniformity still more intolerable, Art imitating Nature, the inhabitants have made duplicates of their principal towns, as like each other as two peas—for instance, two Ghents and two Bruges.”

Chak, chak, chakkery, &c.—away we went faster than ever. The steam was up. We seemed to have become aware of the earth’s motion instead of our own. In the mean time, I turned over in my mind the lady’s extraordinary information, which certainly did not agree with any I had derived from my Belgian Guide Book. The engine, however, was soon eased again, to enable us to get safely over a dangerous bridge.



"Did I understand you, Madam, to say *two* Bruges?"

"*Certainly*, Sir, and as like each other as the two Dromios. It seems to be characteristic of the people, as well as the carillons, which, by the way, I observed at both the Ghents."

"*Both* the Ghents, Madam?"

"It is a fact, I assure you, Sir. These unimaginative people have really two Ghents. I do not pretend to much antiquarian or architectural knowledge, but the two cities appeared to me to have been built about the same age, and on nearly the same style, as if in absurd rivalry of each other."

"But, my dear Madam"——

Chak, chak, chakkery-churr, &c. &c. "The woman's mad," I said to myself. Who ever heard of two Ghents—and who the devil could ever find a second Bruges? But my meditations were here interrupted by the caperings of some horses at plough, which had evidently taken fright, and had probably run away, though they seemed as usual, in spite of a violent show of galloping, to remain in the original spot.

"And if anything," bawled the lady, so as to make herself heard even above the murmur of the railway, "I like the second Bruges best. It looked quieter and quainter, and more outlandish, than the other; and the tower, if anything, was rather higher."

"Excuse me, Madam, but it really appears to me that you must have taken the wrong train, and returned, as our capital criminals are sentenced, to the place from whence you came."

"The wrong train!" shouted the lady, rather indignantly. "O Sir, that's impossible! Nobody can be so careful as I am,—for I know neither French nor Flemish, and accordingly am personally on my guard. Instead of sauntering about every place I arrive at, like other travellers, I make it a rule to remain invariably on the spot (the station I believe it is called), ready to set out with the very next train."

"But, my dear Madam, the next train——"

"But, my dear Sir—excuse me. If not the very next train, you can be at no loss to know when to start. The railway people take care of that. For

instance, here, at the *last* Bruges, you pay for your ticket to Ostend—mark me, Sir, to Ostend—and you are retained in a sitting-room, the back door of which is kept locked. When that door is opened you are admitted into the station-yard—and you find a train ready to start—your own train of course. You get in and——”

A loud indescribable screech, called whistling, intended to give warning of our approach, here interrupted the argument. We were going at a pace which threatened to soon bring us to our destination. In fact, I had hardly made up my mind as to the inconveniences of certain females travelling alone—the awkwardness of not knowing the current language of the country, and the rawness of the arrangements on a new line, when we arrived at the station a few hundred yards from Ostend. The spires, the lighthouse, and the masts of the shipping, were so distinctly visible that I could not anticipate any blunder. I supposed, therefore, that the lady might be safely left to her own circumspection, and was doubly occupied in the collection of my luggage, and the conversation of

some friends who had awaited my arrival,—when suddenly I heard the voice of my quondam fellow traveller—"O Lord! I shall be too late!" and before I could recover from my astonishment, I saw her precipitately jump into a *char-à-banc*, and whirl off with the inland train on a *third* visit to the quaint, ancient, and picturesque city of Bruges!



TRAINS ARE COMING IN.

ALI BEN NOUS.

A FABLE.



MEN and monkeys are equally prone to imitation ; only that the Brutes prefer to ape mankind, whereas the human animals delight in copying each other. Nor do they always choose the best models, and even when they do so, they imitate them so abominably that the worst originals would be infinitely better. A pest on all such serviles ! and may they meet with the fate of the followers of Ali Ben Nous !—a personage not mentioned by Mr. Lane in his splendid edition of the “Arabian Nights,” and of which by the way he has made One Thousand and Two, by the addition of one Knight as the publisher.

Ali Ben Nous, according to the Eastern chronicle,

was a Philosopher of the sect of Diogenes—an old Boy, it will be remembered, who lived in a sugar hogshead without getting any sweeter in his temper. The whole ambition of our Cynic was to resemble as little as possible the race he despised, and as a matter of course, nothing so aggravated his natural spleen as to find himself copied by any human being. Nevertheless, such is the apishness of our nature, that in spite of the repulsiveness of his doctrine, and the austerities of his practice, he soon found himself getting too popular for his peace. Many old men, and even some young ones, affected to call themselves disciples of Nous: one copied the uncut of his beard, another the lisp in his speech, and a third the limp in his gait; till finding his very identity in danger, the Cynic, in disgust, determined to travel in search of some happy country, where he could keep his originality to himself. To this end, having consulted his geographical books, he openly declared his intention of setting out for the City of Yad. In vain he was told that he would infallibly be devoured by the Great Serpent which notoriously infested the

country he would have to traverse; he made no answer, except by bestowing an abundance of ironical blessings on his advisers,—but cursing the whole of his fellow citizens inwardly as a parcel of Apes and Parodists,—prepared for his departure. His very disciples, however, refused to copy him any farther, when they beheld him setting out without any weapon or provision, except a great bottle of oil—by way of dressing perhaps, when he came to live upon salad.

As might be expected, Ali did not escape the standard danger of the route. He had scarcely accomplished half the distance to the desired city, when all at once he heard a dreadful hissing, of which none but a condemned Dramatist can form any conception;—and lo, from a neighbouring thicket there darted an enormous serpent, making as straight towards the traveller, as a reptile could by dint of sinuosities. It was an awkward predicament enough: but Nous was not disconcerted. Looking out for a tall tree, not encumbered with branches, and finding one suited to his purpose,—he was soon, having let his nails grow,

till they resembled the claws of a cat,—at the very top, where he posted himself like a capital prize, or what the French call a *Mât de Cocagne*. But the *Mât de Cocagne* is well greased ; whereas Ali having no tallow about him, was fain to anoint the stem with the contents of his bottle, and only in good time, for the snake and the oil arrived together at the foot of the tree. And now those who have witnessed that amusing operation, the climbing up a greasy pole, for a pair of velveteens at the top, may form a tolerable notion of the fun. The Snake made many trials, but was always oil'd and foil'd. Again and again he wound his folds upwards, as if saying to himself, "Now for a good twist ;" but the meal was beyond his reach : there is many a slip, says the proverb, between the cup and the lip, and so there was between the Serpent and the Philosopher, who enjoyed the joke amazingly, and chuckled and rubbed his hands with all the glee in the world. At last, finding that he took nothing by his motion, the spirited sly Snake grew dispirited, and made off again hissing louder than ever, as if hissing at himself and his own

failure. What a pity of pitie, muttered Ali, as he descended from his perch, that our Mother Eve did not climb up the Tree of Knowledge with a bottle of palm oil!—with which conceit he merrily resumed his journey, and arrived without further adventure at the city of Yad.

The sensation his arrival produced amongst the inhabitants was intense. Nobody within the memory of man had made the passage. “In the name of all that is wonderful, how did you get here? Why did you venture? What did you see? Where did you encounter the snake? How *did* you manage?”—To all which Nous replied by relating his adventure in as few words as possible.

“Bismallah! Inshallah! Fallallah! Was such a miracle ever heard of! A mere bottle of oil! And we who have Magistrates, and Wise Men, and Conjurors! and Naturalists, and Zoologists, and Projectors, and a Faculty of Doctors, and a Committee of Public Safety, and a Society of Snake Charmers—and yet they never thought of a bottle of oil!” And the authorities wished to present the freedom of the

city to Nous ; but he declined the honour. " I am free of the whole country," said he, " whereas you dare not show your noses beyond your walls, for fear of the snake. Go and present your freedom to him ; for my part, I am bound to the city of Guz."—" You will at least permit us," said the Corporation, " to accompany you in procession to the gates?" But Ali watched his opportunity, and departed without any ceremony at all.

In the mean time the Spirit of Imitation, who had a temple within the city, began to inspire his votaries. Palm oil and bottles rose fifty per cent. ; and before Ali had gone a league he was joined by a dozen companions, and not a man of them but was prepared to mount a tree, and anoint the stem *d-la-mât-de-Cocagne*. So much society was far from agreeable to the cynic ; who consoled himself, however, by sneering in his sleeve at their folly, which he foresaw would seat them sooner or later on their stool of repentance. And the matter fell out to his most cynical wish. They had travelled but about six leagues on their way, when a dark speck appeared on

the horizon ; at first only as big as a fly, but progressively increasing in dimensions to a chafer, a wren, a sparrow, a hawk, an eagle, and lastly, what indeed it was, a full-grown Rok ! O, ye imitative crew, what a rok to split upon ! For a while he hovered dark and vast, like the Cloud of Destiny, over their devoted heads :—he had only to stoop and conquer, and he soon stooped with a vengeance. In vain the infatuated climbed the nearest trees, and emptied their bottles of oil, souse came the enemy, off went their turbans, and out came their brains, such as they were, which the winged Heliogabalus devoured as greedily as if they had come out of the skulls of peacocks. As for Nous, he had provided himself with a huge umbrella, made very stout and stiff, with a long sharp spike at the top, under which he took shelter ; and having a good *Fence*, was enabled to set the *Beak* at defiance. In fact, after several attacks, in which the Bird suffered the most, the Rok gave up the point, and, flying away, left Ali to pursue his journey.

As usual, it excited the utmost amazement in the

people of Guz when the Cynic entered their city ; and they fell one and all into the old chorus—" How *did* you get here? Did you see the Rok?" &c. &c. Whereupon Nous told his story as briefly as before, saying as little as possible, which was nothing at all, about his late associates. " Holy Prophet !" cried the people, " and yet we have Councillors, and Elders, and Tacticians, and Ornithologists, and Bird-catchers, and Prognosticators of Rain, and nobody ever thought of an umbrella !" And the King wished to confer on the long-bearded Stranger the ancient Order of the Ass of the First Class ; but Nous declined the distinction, modestly observing that he had done nothing to deserve it. However, the Authorities resolved on getting up a Grand Banquet ; but it being against etiquette to accept an invitation under a month to run, the Philosopher in the mean time got out of patience, and, after dining by himself at three farthings a-head, set out for the city of Jug.

He had gone but a little way when he turned to look behind him, and exactly as he anticipated, he

beheld a company of Imitators running after him with just as many umbrellas. They soon came up, and began all at once bawling into his ears, and displaying their contrivances to the imminent danger of his eyes. "Look at this spike," said one, "it is three spans in length." "Feel mine," said another, "it is as sharp as a needle." "As for mine," said a third, running it as near as might be into Ali's ear, "it is not only sharp, but envenomed to boot." "May you kill all the roks between this and Jug," muttered the Cynic, and it was not long before the merits of their weapons were put to the test. "Allah preserve us!" exclaimed Nous, looking anxiously towards the East, at which warning the rest of the company precipitately unfurled their umbrellas, under which they squatted down, and with closed eyes awaited the descent of the rok. In the mean time, the péril rapidly approached. At first, it looked only like a pillar of smoke or dust, but as it came nearer, the column evidently had a revolving motion, and whirled round with it certain dark objects like sticks and stones. It was indeed a whirlwind of dangerous violence, and the

spot the travellers occupied was exactly in the line of its career. But Nous was already prepared. He was sitting on a sort of cushion, made of a native wax, so tenacious, that the tornado might as well have tried to root up a tree ; all it could do, therefore, was to unwind and carry off his turban, which happened to have been twisted in the contrary direction. It fared much worse, however, with his comrades—for no sooner did the tornado get them within its vortex, than up they went with their umbrellas, as fast as aeronauts come down with their parachutes. An amusing spectacle, you may be sure, to the Cynic, who watched them corkscrewing spirally up to the clouds, never to come down again till there was a shower of ninnies. For his own part, he suffered no other loss than his turban, and his trowsers, which he was obliged to leave sticking to the cushion,—but having a pair in reserve, he speedily made his toilet and proceeded to his destination.

The City of Jug, like the others, was thrown into commotion by his arrival ;—and with the same reservation as to his comrades, he again told his story,

which was received by the inhabitants with the usual comments. "We that have a May'r and a Corporation, and Learned Bodies, and Scientifics, and a Company of Wax Chandlers, and Mechanics' Institutions, and Utilitarians, and nobody ever hit upon the waxen cushion!" And twelve waxen cushions were ordered that very morning. And the King wished to create Ali a Grand Goose, which would entitle him to stand at Court upon one leg, but the Cynic declared very humbly that his low birth entitled him only to stand upon two—and moreover, that he had to walk all the way to the City of Buz. Whereupon, his Majesty being displeased, the stranger was ordered to quit the place in an hour—but which he did with ease, thirty minutes under the time.

"It is very hard," said Ali, "that a man cannot enjoy his own ways and his own thoughts, without a parcel of silly Jugites dogging his heels,"—and lo! as he said, a dozen of the town's-people came running after him shouting with all their might. Then there was the old plague to endure with their life-preservers.

—"Look at my cushion," said one—"Try mine," said a second, "it hath two parts wax and one of pitch," &c. &c. "May you stick to them to all eternity," grumbled Ali, mending his pace almost to a run, yet without shaking off his tormentors. But the time came at last to part company; for arriving just at the skirts of a forest, they suddenly heard a noise that was too loud to be taken for the murmuring of the wind. "Allah Kerim!" ejaculated Nous. Down plumped his companions on their cushions, and in a minute were as fast to the earth as if they had grown from it; having taken especial care to strap, tie, and buckle their trowsers so securely, that no tornado that ever waltzed could pluck them out of them. In which posture, conceive them sitting and smirking with all the complacency of self-conceit, when suddenly, with frightful roar, there issued forth the most terrible big Bear that was ever cubbed, to the infinite dismay of the seated members, who would willingly have accepted any equivalent to the Chiltern Hundreds. Never was there a set of simpletons so sold and pounded by their own act and deed! There they were—all waxed

by their wax ends—with their last before their eyes in the shape of raging Bruin, for whom, by their own contrivance, they were compelled to sit as passively as if he had only been going to paint their portraits. One or two, indeed, endeavoured to escape when it was too late, but before they could get rid of their trammels the Bear came bearing down upon them, and killed them on the spot. During this massacre, Ali had gained a considerable start, yet not so far but that the beast at length overtook him and put him to his last shift. This was a small fiddle or kit, upon which he no sooner began to play than the Bear, rising uncouthly on his hind legs, began to cut capers to the great delight of the Cynic, to whom it was precisely the reverse of the Dance of Death. The faster one played the faster the other jigged—the musician purposely getting from presto to prestissimo, till the fascinated brute began to pant and puff, and besought the performer, with the most plaintive moans and imploring glances, and supplicatory gestures, to desist. But Ali knew better, and only plied the bow more rapidly, till after a waltz the eye could scarcely follow,

the Bear reeled off in an involuntary pirouette and fell dead beaten on his face. "Heaven reward the man," exclaimed Ali, as he gazed on his prostrate enemy, "Heaven reward the man who first hit upon the very original notion of sawing the inside of a cat with the tail of a horse!" And without further obstacle he arrived at the City of Buz.

And now, quoth the Chronicler, it would be tedious to pursue individually the fortunes of the imitators of Ali Ben Nous; for instance, how foolishly the travellers from Buz essayed with their kits and fiddles to provoke to a hornpipe the great crocodile of the Lake of Yad! Suffice it, they perished miserably one and all. As for the Cynic, he discovered that wherever he came he was as far as before from the haven he sought. However fantastically extravagant and repulsively absurd the doctrines and habits he wilfully professed and practised, he invariably found himself more or less at the head of a sect. At length, a pseudo Cynic appeared, who by help of nature and art, so closely personated the original, as to acquire the surname of the Double. This, to Ali, was the

drop that overbrimmed his cup : and in a paroxysm of spleen including himself in his anathema against mankind in general, he resolved to perish by his own hand. To this end, and a bad end it was, he repaired to a certain solitary spot, on the verge of a wood with a large phial, or rather family bottle, of mortal poison in his pocket. "Now then," exclaimed Ali, taking off half the fatal liquid at a gulp—"now then for an act at last in which I shall not be copied,"—when suddenly an Orang Outang, who had been watching the operation from a neighbouring tree, sprang down to the ground, snatched up the bottle, and before Nous could interfere, drank off the remainder of the poison. This untoward event, and the scene of mockery that ensued, seemed to pang the dying Cynic even more than the draught he had swallowed. "Alas !" he cried, already writhing under the effects of the potion, "alas, it is in vain to struggle with fate ! I fled from my own species to avoid their imitation—and lo ! yonder sits a brute beast poisoned out of the same bottle, suffering the same pains, making the same grimaces, no doubt, and

the same contortions, and even composing himself—
confound the son of a Monkey!—to die in the same
attitude.”



IN BLACK FOR A FRIEND.

RURAL FELICITY.



A FLEET OFF THE MOTHER BANK.

WELL, the 'country's a pleasant place, sure enough,
for people that's country born,
And useful, no doubt, in a natural way, for growing
our grass and our corn.

It was kindly meant of my cousin Giles, to write and
invite me down,
Tho' as yet all I've seen of a pastoral life only makes
one more partial to town.

At first I thought I was really come down into all
sorts of rural bliss,
For Porkington Place, with its cows and its pigs, and
its poultry, looks not much amiss;
There's something about a dairy farm, with its different kinds of live stock,
That puts one in mind of Paradise, and Adam and
his innocent flock ;
But somehow the good old Elysium fields have not
been well handed down,
And as yet I have found no fields to prefer to dear
Leicester Fields up in town.

To be sure it is pleasant to walk in the meads, and so
I should like for miles,
If it wasn't for clodpoles of carpenters that put up
such crooked stiles ;

For the bars jut out, and you must jut out, till you're
almost broken in two,

If you clamber you're certain sure of a fall, and you
stick if you try to creep through.

Of course, in the end, one learns how to climb without
constant tumbles down,

But still as to walking so stylishly, it's pleasanter
done about town.

There's a way, I know, to avoid the stiles, and that's
by a walk in a lane,

And I did find a very nice shady one, but I never
dared go again ;

For who should I meet but a rampaging bull, that
wouldn't be kept in the pound,

A trying to toss the whole world at once, by sticking
his horns in the ground.

And that, by-the-by, is another thing, that pulls
rural pleasures down,

Ev'ry day in the country is cattle-day, and there's
only two up in town.

Then I've rose with the sun, to go brushing away at
the first early pearly dew,

And to meet Aurory, or whatever's her name, and I
always got wetted through ;
My shoes are like sops, and I caught a bad cold, and
a nice draggle-tail to my gown,
That's not the way that we bathe our feet, or wear
our pearls, up in town !
As for picking flow'rs, I have tried at a hedge, sweet
eglantine roses to snatch,
But, mercy on us ! how nettles will sting, and how
the long brambles do scratch ;
Besides hitching my hat on a nasty thorn that tore
all the bows from the crown,
One may walk long enough without hats branching
off, or losing one's bows about town.
But worse than that, in a long rural walk, suppose
that it blows up for rain,
And all at once you discover yourself in a real St.
Swithin's Lane ;
And while you're running all ducked and drown'd,
and pelted with sixpenny drops,
“ Fine weather,” you hear the farmers say ; “ a nice
growing show'r for the crops !”

But who's to crop me another new hat, or grow me
another new gown?

For you can't take a shilling fare with a plough as
you do with the hackneys in town.

Then my nevys too, they must drag me off to go
with them gathering nuts,

And we always set out by the longest way and return
by the shortest cuts.

Short cuts, indeed! But it's nuts to them, to get a
poor lustyish aunt

To scramble through gaps or jump over a ditch,
when they're morally certain she can't,—

For whenever I get in some awkward scrape, and it's
almost daily the case,

Tho' they don't laugh out, the mischievous brats, I
see the hooray! in their face.

There's the other day, for my sight is short, and I
saw what was green beyond,

And thought it was all terry firmer and grass till I
walked in the duckweed pond:

Or perhaps when I've pully-hauled up a bank they
see me come launching down,
As none but a stout London female can do as is come
a first time out of town.
Then how sweet, some say, on a mossy bank a ver-
durous seat to find,
But for my part I always found it a joy that brought
a repentance behind ;
For the juicy grass with its nasty green has stained
a whole breadth of my gown—
And when gowns are dyed, I needn't say, it's much
better done up in town.
As for country fare, the first morning I came I heard
such a shrill piece of work !
And ever since—and it's ten days ago—we've lived
upon nothing but pork ;
One Sunday except, and then I turn'd sick, a plague
take all countrified cooks !
Why didn't they tell me, *before* I had dined, they
made pigeon pies of the rooks ?
Then the gooseberry wine, tho' it's pleasant when up,
it doesn't agree when it's down,

But it served me right like a gooseberry fool to look
for champagne out of town !

To be sure cousin G. meant it all for the best when
he started this pastoral plan,

And his wife is a worthy domestical soul and she
teaches me all that she can,

Such as making of cheese, and curing of hams, but
I'm sure that I never shall learn,

And I've fetch'd more back-ache than butter as yet
by chumping away at the churn ;

But in making hay, tho' it's tanning work, I found it
more easy to make,

But it tries one's legs, and no great relief when you're
tired to sit down on the rake.

I'd a country dance too at harvest home, with a
regular country clown,

But, Lord ! they don't hug one round the waist and
give one such smacks in town !

Then I've tried to make friends with the birds and
the beasts, but they take to such curious rigs,

I'm always at odds with the turkey-cock, and I
can't even please the pigs.

The very hens pick holes in my hands when I grope
for the new-laid eggs,
And the gander comes hissing out of the pond on
purpose to flap at my legs.
I've been bump'd in a ditch by the cow without horns,
and the old sow trampled me down,
The beasts are as vicious as any wild beasts—but
they're kept in cages in town!
Another thing is the nasty dogs—thro' the village I
hardly can stir
Since giving a bumpkin a pint of beer just to call off
a barking cur ;
And now you would swear all the dogs in the place
were set on to hunt me down,
But neither the brutes nor the people I think are as
civilly bred as in town.
Last night about twelve I was scared broad awake,
and all in a tremble of fright,
But instead of a family murder it proved an owl that
flies screeching at night.
Then there's plenty of ricks and stacks all about, and
I can't help dreaming of Swing—

In short, I think that a pastoral life is not the most
happiest thing ;
For besides all the troubles I've mentioned before as
endur'd for rurality's sake,
I've been stung by the bees, and I've set among ants,
and once—ugh ! I trod on a snake !
And as to moskitoes they tortured me so, for I've got
a particular skin,
I do think it's the gnats coming out of the ponds that
drives the poor suicides in !
And after all an't there new-laid eggs to be had upon
Holborn Hill ?
And dairy-fed pork in Broad St. Giles's, and fresh
butter wherever you will ?
And a covered cart that brings Cottage Bread quite
rustical-like and brown ?
So one is n't so very uncountrified in the very heart
of the town.
Howsomever my mind's made up, and although I'm
sure cousin Giles will be vext,
I mean to book me an inside place up to town upon
Saturday next,

And if nothing happens, soon after ten, I shall be at
the Old Bell and Crown,
And perhaps I may come to the country again, when
London is all burnt down !



CAMBRIDGE BUTTER.

A FLYING VISIT.

"A Calendar! a Calendar! look in the Almanac, find out moonshine—find out moonshine!"—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*



BLOWING UP FOR RAIN.

THE by-gone September,
 As folks may remember,
 At least if their memory saves but an ember,
 One fine afternoon,
 There went up a Balloon,
 Which did not return to the Earth very soon.

For, nearing the sky,
At about a mile high,
The Aëronaut bold had resolved on a fly ;
So cutting his string,
In a Parasol thing,
Down he came in a field like a lark from the wing.

Meanwhile, thus adrift,
The Balloon made a shift
To rise very fast, with no burthen to lift ;
It got very small,
Then to nothing at all ;
And then rose the question of where it would fall ?

Some thought that, for lack
Of the man and his pack,
'Twould rise to the Cherub that watches Poor Jack ;
Some held, but in vain,
With the first heavy rain,
'Twould surely come down to the Gardens again !

But still not a word
For a month could be heard
Of what had become of the Wonderful Bird :
The firm Gye and Hughes,
Wore their boots out and shoes,
In running about and inquiring for news.

Some thought it must be
Tumbled into the Sea ;
Some thought it had gone off to High Germanie ;
For Germans, as shown
By their writings, 'tis known
Are always delighted with what is high-flown.

Some hinted a bilk,
And that maidens who milk,
In far distant Shire would be walking in silk :
Some swore that it must,
" As they said at the *fust*,
Have gone again flashes of lightning and *bust!*"

However, at last,
When six weeks had gone past,
Intelligence came of a plausible cast ;
A wondering clown,
At a hamlet near town,
Had seen "like a moon of green cheese" coming down.

Soon spread the alarm,
And from cottage and farm,
The natives buzz'd out like the bees when they swarm ;
And off ran the folk, —
It is such a good joke
To see the descent of a bagful of smoke.

And lo ! the machine,
Dappled yellow and green,
Was plainly enough in the clouds to be seen :
" Yes, yes," was the cry,
" It's the old one, surely,
Where *can* it have been such a time in the sky ?

"Lord ! where will it fall ?
It can't find out Vauxhall,
Without any pilot to guide it at all !"
Some wager'd that Kent
Would behold the event,
Debrett had been posed to *predict* its descent.

Some thought it would pitch
In the old Tower Ditch ;
Some swore on the Cross of St. Paul's it would hitch,
And Farmers cried "Zounds !
If it drops on our grounds,
We'll try if Balloons can't be put into pounds !"

But still to and fro
It continued to go,
As if looking out for soft places below ;
No difficult job,
It had only to bob ,
Slap-dash down at once on the heads of the mob :

Who, too apt to stare
At some castle in air,
Forget that the earth is their proper affair ;
Till, watching the fall
Of some soap-bubble ball,
They tumble themselves with a terrible sprawl.

Meanwhile, from its height
Stooping downward in flight,
The Phenomenon came more distinctly in sight :
Still bigger and bigger,
And strike me a nigger
Unfreed, if there was not a live human figure !

Yes, plain to be seen,
Underneath the machine,
There dangled a mortal—some swore it was Green ;
Some Mason could spy ;
Others named Mr. Gye ;
Or Hollond, compell'd by the Belgians to fly.

'Twas Graham the flighty,
Whom the Duke high and mighty,
Resign'd to take care of his own lignum-vitæ ;
'Twas Hampton, whose whim
Was in Cloudland to swim,
Till e'en Little Hampton looked little to him !

But all were at fault ;
From the heavenly vault
The falling balloon came at last to a halt ;
And bounce ! with the jar
Of descending so far,
An outlandish Creature was thrown from the car !

At first with the jolt
All his wits made a bolt,
As if he'd been flung by a mettlesome colt ;
And while in his faint,
To avoid all complaint,
The muse shall endeavour his portrait to paint.

The face of this elf,
Round as platter of delf,
Was pale as if only a cast of itself :
His head had a rare
Fleece of silvery hair,
Just like the Albino at Bartlemy Fair.

His eyes they were odd,
Like the eyes of a cod,
And gave him the look of a watery God.
His nose was a snub ;
Under which, for his grub,
Was a round open mouth like to that of a chub.

His person was small,
Without figure at all,
A plump little body as round as a ball :
With two little fins,
And a couple of pins,
With what has been christened a bow in the shins.

His dress it was new,
A full suit of sky-blue—
With bright silver buckles in each little shoe—
Thus painted complete,
From his head to his feet,
Conceive him laid flat in Squire Hopkins's wheat.

Fine text for the crowd !
Who disputed aloud
What sort of a creature had dropp'd from the cloud—
“ He's come from o'er seas,
He's a Cochin Chinese—
By jingo ! he's one of the wild Cherokees ! ”

“ Don't nobody know ? ”
“ He's a young Esquimaux,
Turn'd white like the hares by the Arctical snow.”
“ Some angel, my dear,
Sent from some upper *spear*
For Plumtree or Agnew, too good for this-here ! ’

Meanwhile, with a sigh,
Having open'd one eye,
The Stranger rose up on his seat by and by ;
And finding his tongue,
'Thus he said, or he sung,
" Mi criky bo biggamy kickery bung ! "

" Lord ! what does he speak ! "
" It's Dog-Latin—it's Greek ! "
" It's some sort of slang for to puzzle a Beak ! "
" It's no like the Scotch,"
Said a Scot on the watch,
" Phoo ! it's nothing at all but a kind of hotch-potch ! "

" It's not parly voo,"
Cried a schoolboy or two,
" Nor Hebrew at all," said a wandering Jew
Some held it was sprung
From the Irvingite tongue,
The same that is used by a child very young.

Some guess'd it high Dutch,
Others thought it had much
In sound of the true Hoky-poky-ish touch ;
But none could be poz,
What the Dickins ! (not Boz)
No mortal could tell what the Dickins it was !

When who should come pat,
In a moment like that,
But Bowring, to see what the people were at—
A Doctor well able,
Without any fable,
To talk and translate all the babble of Babel.

So just drawing near,
With a vigilant ear,
That took ev'ry syllable in, very clear,
Before one could sip
Up a tumbler of flip,
He knew the whole tongue, from the root to the tip !

Then stretching his hand,
As you see Daniel stand,
In the Feast of Belshazzar, that picture so grand !
Without more delay,
In the Hamilton way
He English'd whatever the Elf had to say.

" Krak krasiboo ban,
I'm the Lunatick Man,
Confined in the Moon since creation began—
Sit muggy bigog,
Whom except in a fog
You see with a Lanthorn, a Bush, and a Dog.

" Lang sinery lear,
For this many a year,
I've long'd to drop in at your own little sphere,—
Och, pad-mad aroon
Till one fine afternoon,
I found that Wind-Coach on the horns of the Moon.

" Cush quackery go,
But, besides you must know,
I'd heard of a profiting Prophet below ;
Big botherum blether,
Who pretended to gather
The tricks that the Moon meant to play with the
weather.

" So Crismus an crash,
Being shortish of cash,
I thought I'd a right to partake of the hash—
Slik mizzle an smak,
So I'm come with a pack,
To sell to the trade, of My Own Almanack.

" Fix, bobbery pershal
Besides aims commercial,
Much wishing to honour my friend Sir John Herschel,
Cum puddin and tame,
It's inscribed to his name,
Which is now at the full in celestial fame.

" Wept wepton wish wept,

Pray this Copy accept"——

But here on the Stranger some Kidnappers leapt :

For why ? a shrewd man

Had devis'd a sly plan

The Wonder to grab for a show Caravan.

So plotted, so done——

With a fight as in fun,

While mock pugilistical rounds were begun,

A knave who could box,

And give right and left knocks,

Caught hold of the Prize by his silvery locks.

And hard he had fared,

But the people were scared

By what the Interpreter roundly declared :

" You ignorant Turks !

You will be your own Burkes——

He holds all the keys of the lunary works !

“ You’d best let him go—
If you keep him below,
The Moon will not change, and the tides will not flow ;
He left her at full,
And with such a long pull,
Zounds ! ev’ry man Jack will run mad like a bull ! ”

So awful a threat
Took effect on the set ;
The fright, tho,’ was more than their Guest could
forget ;
So taking a jump,
In the car he came plump,
And threw all the ballast right out in a lump.

Up soar’d the machine,
With its yellow and green ;
But still the pale face of the Creature was seen,
Who cried from the car
“ *Dam in yooman bi gar !* ”
That is,—“ What a sad set of villains you are ! ”

Howbeit, at some height,
He threw down quite a flight
Of Almanacks, wishing to set us all right—
And, thanks to the boon,
We shall see very soon
If Murphy knows most, or the Man in the Moon!



LOSING GROUND.

THE DOVES AND THE CROWS.

“ Come let us dance and sing
While all Barbadoes bells do ring.”—COLMAN.

COINCIDENCES are strange things, as the man said when he found himself confronted with *two* wives at Bow Street. Thus, having long since left that line of road, possessing not even an acquaintance amongst the Friends ; and not taking any particular part in what used to be called the Blaek Question ; it was somewhat singular, that I should find myself in the Tottenham stage, in company with five Quakers, on the very day appointed by law for the Abolition of Negro Slavery.

The interest—the compound interest—taken by the Society of Friends in the subject of African bondage, is well known. Negro slavery was their black bugbear. Their White Sunday was over-

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The natives buzz'd out like the bees when they swarm ;
And off ran the folk, —
It is such a good joke
To see the descent of a bagful of smoke.

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Was plainly enough in the clouds to be seen :
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It continued to go,
As if looking out for soft places below ;
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the languor which follows even a successful exertion? The battle, if Quakers ever battle, was won; and they had only to rest upon their arms—if Quakers ever carry arms. Moreover, the Victory had brought with it a very embarrassing result. The Abolition, in annihilating Slavery, had also abolished the Abolitionists; and a vast stock of sensibility and sympathy, and zeal and humanity, which had heretofore found a vent in another hemisphere, was left, quite a drug upon hand. Instead, therefore, of being lost in apathy, my fellow-passengers were, perhaps, asking themselves the very question, which had more than once occurred to my own mind, namely,

“What will the Quakers do next?”

The most obvious answer was, that they ought to continue their patronage to the Emancipated; but the manner in which it should be done, was more difficult to indicate. In common cases, the most simple mode would be for each negro-loving family to add a black servant to its establishment; but from the incongruities already pointed out, nothing could be more mutually uncomfortable than such an arrangement.

"Two blacks," says the Scotch proverb, "will not make a white;" and two hundred blacks would, assuredly, never compose a drab. However associated in tracts, and facts, and parliamentary acts, the Negroes and their Friends are not intended to flock together, as birds of a feather, any more than the Crows with the Doves. They are as wide asunder as is possible for species, to belong to the same genus. In fact nothing could present a stronger contrast in imagination, than the composed "Compliments of the Season," at Tottenham, and the riotous Jubilee which, of course, took place in the West Indies. It amused me to picture the consternation of the Friends, could they have peeped in at the Black Saturnalia; or, as they would have called it, Satanalia, in Barbadoes or Jamaica; and as Sir Richard Blackmore used to compose poetry in his carriage, before alighting from the leathern conveniency I had put my speculations into verse. The result, as the reader will perceive, was something between an Ode and an Elegy.

Come all ye sable little girls and boys,
Ye coal-black Brothers—Sooty Sisters, come !
With kitty-katties make a joyful noise ;

With snaky-snekies, and the Eboe drum !
From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Play, Sambo, play,—and Obadiah groan !

Ye vocal Blackbirds, bring your native pipes,
Your own *Moor's* Melodies, ye niggers, bring ;
To celebrate the fall of chains and stripes,

Sing “ Possum up a gum-tree,” roar and sing !
From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Chaunt, Sambo, chaunt,—and Obadiah groan !

Bring all your woolly piccaninnies dear—
Bring John Canoe and all his jolly gang ;
Stretch ev'ry blubber-mouth from ear to ear,
And let the driver in his whip go hang !
From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Grin, Sambo, grin,—and Obadiah groan !

Your working garb indignantly renounce ;
Discard your slops in honour of the day—
Come all in frill, and furbelow, and flounce,

Come all as fine as Chimney Sweeps in May—
· From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Dress, Sambo, dress,—and Obadiah groan !

Come, join together in the dewy dance,
With melting maids in steamy mazes go ;
Humanity delights to see you prance,
Up with your sooty legs and jump Jim Crow—
From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Skip, Sambo, skip,—and Obadiah groan !

Kiss dark Diana on her pouting lips,
And take black Phœbe by her ample waist—
Tell them to-day is Slavery's eclipse,
And Love and Liberty must be embraced—
From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Kiss, Sambo, kiss,—and Obadiah groan !

With bowls of sangaree and toddy come !
Bring lemons, sugar, old Madeira, limes,
Whole tanks of water-barrels full of rum,
To toast the whitest date of modern times—
· From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Drink, Sambo, drink,—and Obadiah groan !

Talk, all together, talk ! both old and young,
Pour out the fulness of the negro heart ;
Let loose the now emancipated tongue,
And all your new-born sentiments impart—
From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Spout, Sambo, spout,—and Obadiah groan !

Huzza ! for equal rights and equal laws ;
The British parliament has doff'd your chain—
Join, join in gratitude your jetty paws,
And swear you never will be slaves again—
From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Swear, Sambo, swear,—and Obadiah groan !



A-MOUNT CARRIED OVER.

THE DOCTOR.

A SKETCH.



"Whatever is, is right."—POPE.

THERE once was a Doctor,
(No foe to the proctor,)
A physic-concocter,
Whose dose was so pat,
However it acted,
One speech it extracted,—
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

And first, all unaisy,
Like woman that's crazy,
In flies Mistress Casey,
"Do come to poor Pat

The blood's running faster !
He's torn off the plaster—"
" Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
" I meant it for that !"

Anon, with an antic,
Quite strange and romantic,
A woman comes frantic—
" What could you be at !
My darling dear Aleck
You've sent him oxalic !"
" Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
" I meant it for that !"

Then in comes another,
Despatch'd by his mother,
A blubbering brother,
Who gives a rat-tat—
" Oh, poor little sister
Has lick'd off a blister !"
" Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
" I meant it for that !"

Now home comes the flunky,
His own powder-monkey,
But dull as a donkey—
With basket and that—
“The draught for the Squire, Sir,
He chuck’d in the fire, Sir—”
“Yes, yes,” said the Doctor,
“I meant it for that!”

The next is the pompous
Head Beadle, old Bumpus—
“Lord! here is a rumpus:
That pauper, Old Nat,
In some drunken notion
Has drunk up his lotion—”
“Yes, yes,” said the Doctor,
“I meant it for that!”

At last comes a servant,
In grief very fervent:
“Alas! Doctor Derwent,
Poor Master is flat!

He's drawn his last breath, Sir—

That dose was his death, Sir."

"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,

"I meant it for that!"



THE ELECTRICAL EEL.

THE NEW LODGER.



DOES YOUR FATHER KNOW YOU'RE IN ?

POOR Miss Hopkinson ! She had been ill for a fortnight, of a disorder which especially affected the nerves ; and quiet, as Dr. Boreham declared, was indispensably necessary for her recovery. So the

servants wore list shoes, and the knocker was tied up, and the street in front of number four was covered with straw.

In the mean while, the invalid derived great comfort from the unremitting attentions of her friends and acquaintance ; but she was particularly gratified by the constant kind inquiries of Mr. Tweedy, the new lodger, who occupied the apartments immediately over her head.

“ If you please, ma’am,” said Mary, for the hundredth time, “ it’s Mr. Tweedy’s compliments, and begs to know if you feel any better ?”

“ I am infinitely obliged to Mr. Tweedy, I’m sure,” whispered the sufferer,—“ I am a leetle easier—with my best thanks and compliments.”

Now, Miss Hopkinson was a spinster lady of a certain age, and she was not a little flattered by the uncommon interest the gentleman above stairs seemed to take in her state of health. She could not help recollecting that the new lodger and a very smart new cap had entered the house on the same day.—She had fortunately worn the novel article on her

accidental encounter with the stranger ; and, as she used to say, a great deal depended on first impressions.

"What a very nice gentleman !" remarked the nurse, as Mary closed the bed-room door.

"What an uncommon nice man !" cried Miss Filby, an old familiar gossip, who had come to cheer up the invalid with all the scandal of the neighbourhood.

"And he will send, ma'am," said the nurse to the visitor, "to ask after us a matter of five or six times in a day."

"It is really extraordinary," said Miss Filby, "and especially in quite a stranger !"

"No, not quite," whispered the invalid. "I met him twice upon the stairs."

"Indeed !" said Miss Filby. "It's like a little romance. Who knows what may come of it ? I have known as sudden things come to pass before now !"

"There is summut in it surely," said the nurse ; "I only wish, ma'am, you could hear how warm and pressing he is in asking after her, whoever comes in his way. There was this morning, on the landing—

‘Nurse,’ says he, quite earnest-like,—‘nurse, *do* tell me how she is.’ ‘Why then, sir,’ says I, ‘she is as well as can be expected.’ ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘that’s the old answer, but it won’t satisfy *me*. Is she better or worse?’ ‘Well then, sir,’ says I, ‘she’s much the same.’ ‘Ah,’ says he, fetching such a long-winded sigh, ‘there’s where it is. She may linger in that way for months.’ ‘Let’s hope not,’ says I. ‘You’ll be pleased to hear as how she’s going to try to eat a bit o’ chicking.’ ‘Chicking!’ says he, saving your presence, ma’am,—‘chicking be d——d to you know where—it’s her nerves, nurse, her nerves, how are her nerves?’ ‘To be sure, sir,’ says I, ‘them’s her weak pints, but Dr. Boreham do say, provided they’re kept quiet, and not played upon, they’ll come round agin in time.’ ‘Yes,’ says he, ‘in time, that’s the divil on it;’ and you can’t think how feeling he said it.—‘What a weary time,’ says he, ‘she have been!’”

“Well, upon my word!” exclaimed Miss Filby, “these are very like love symptoms indeed! How-

ever, I'm not jealous, my dear,"—and she shook her head waggishly at the invalid, who replied with a faint smile, that she was a giddy creature, and quite forgot the weak state of her nerves. "But, to be sure, it is odd," said Miss Hopkinson to herself, "and particularly in the present age, when polite gallantry to females is so much gone out of fashion." She then fell into a reverie, which her friend interpreted into an inclination to doze, and accordingly took her leave with a promise of returning in the evening.

No sooner was her back turned, however, than the invalid called the nurse to her, and after giving sundry directions as to costume, intimated that she had an intention of trying to sit up a bit. So she was dressed and washed and bolstered up in a chair, and having put on a clean cap, she inquired of her attendant, rather anxiously, if she was not dreadfully altered and pulled down, and how she looked. To which the nurse answered, that "except looking a little delicate, she was really charming."

In the evening the doctor repeated his visit, and

so did Miss Filby, who could not help rallying the invalid on the sudden recovery of her complexion.

"It's only hectic," said Miss Hopkinson, "the exertion of dressing has given me a colour."

"And somebody else will have a colour too," said the nurse, winking at Miss Filby, "when I tell him how very much some folks are improved."

"By-the-bye," said Dr. Boreham, "it's only fair that people should know their well-wishers; and I ought to tell you, therefore, that the gentleman overhead is very friendly and frequent in his inquiries. We generally meet on the stairs, and I assure you he expresses very great solicitude—very much so indeed!"

Miss Hopkinson gave a short husky cough, and the nurse and Miss Filby nodded significantly at each other.

"Ho! ho! the wind sits in that quarter, does it?" said the doctor. "I may expect, then, to have another patient. 'He grew sick as she grew well,' as the old song says," and chuckling at the aptness of his

own quotation, the facetious mediciner took his leave.

"There he is again, I declare," exclaimed the nurse, who had listened as she closed the door. "He has cotched the doctor on the stairs, and I'll warrant he'll have the whole particulars before he let's him go."

"Very devoted, indeed!" said Miss Filby. "We must make haste, and get you about again, my dear, for his poor sake as well as your own."

At this juncture Mrs. Huckins, the landlady, entered the room to ask after her lodger, and was not a little bewildered by a cross-fire of innuendoes from the nurse and the visitor. The strange behaviour of the sick lady herself helped besides to disconcert the worthy woman, across whose mind a suspicion glanced that the nasty laudanum, or something, had made the patient a little off her head. However, Mrs. Huckins got through her compliments and her curseys, and would finally perhaps have tittered too, but that her attention was suddenly diverted by

that most awful of intrusions, a troublesome child in a sick room.

"Why, Billy, you little plague—why, Billy, what do you do in here? Where have you come from, sir?—I've been looking for you this half hour."

"I've been up with Mr. Tweedy, the new lodger," said Billy, standing very erect, and speaking rather proudly. "We've been a-playing the flute."

"The WHAT!" cried all the female voices in a breath.

"A-playing the flute," repeated the undaunted Billy. "Mr. Tweedy only whispers a toon into it now, but he says he'll play out loud as soon as ever the old"—here Billy looked at the invalid, and then at his mother—"he says he'll play out loud as soon as ever Miss Hopkinson is well, or else dead!"

* * * * *

"Pray how did you leave Miss Hopkinson, ma'am," inquired Mr. Tweedy, about an hour afterwards, of a female whom he met at the foot of the stairs.

"Miss Hopkinson, sir!—oh, you horrid wicked

wretch ! you unfeeling monster !"—and totally forgetting the weak nerves of her friend, the indignant Miss Filby rushed past the New Lodger, darted along the passage, let herself out, and slammed the street-door behind her with a bang, that shook Miss Hopkinson in her chair.



A TEA-TOTALLER.

THE VISION.

"Plague on't ! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof."

COTTON.

As I sate the other night,
Burning of a single light,
All at once a change there came
In the colour of the flame.

Strange it was the blaze to view,
Blue as summer sky is blue :
One ! two ! three ! four ! five ! six ! seven !
Eight ! nine ! ten ! it struck eleven !

Pale as sheet, with stiffen'd hair,
Motionless in elbow chair—
Blood congealing—dead almost—
"Now," thought I, "to see a ghost !"

Strange misgiving, true as strange !
In the air there came a change,
And as plain as mortals be,
Lo ! a Shape confronted me !

Lines and features I could trace
Like an old familiar face,
Thin and pallid like my own,
In the morning mirror shown.

“ Now,” he said, and near the grate
Drew a chair for tête-à-tête,
Quite at odds with all decorum,—
“ Now, my boys, let’s have a jorum ! ”

“ Come,” he cried, “ old fellow, come,
Where’s the brandy, where’s the rum ?
Where’s the kettle—is it hot ?
Shall we have some punch, or what ? ”

"Feast of reason—flow of soul!
Where's the sugar, where's the bowl?
Lemons I will help to squeeze—
Flip, Egg-hot, or what you please!"

"Sir," said I, with hectic cough,
Shock of nerves to carry off—
Looking at him very hard,
"Pray oblige me with a card."

"Card!" said he—"Phoo—nonsense—stuff!
We're acquainted well enough—
Still my name, if you desire,
Eighteen Thirty-Eight, Esquire.

"Ring for supper! where's the tray?
No great time I have to stay,
One short hour, and like a May'r,
I must quit the yearly Chair!"

Scarce could I contain my rage—
O'er the retrospective page,
Looking back from date to date,
What I owed to Thirty-Eight.

“Sickness here and sickness there,
Pain and sorrow, constant care ;
Fifty-two long weeks to fall,
Nor a trump among them all!

“Zounds!” I cried in quite a huff,
“Go—I’ve known you long enough.
Seek for supper where you please,
Here you have not bread and cheese.”

“Nay,” cried he, “were things so ill?
Let me have your pardon still—
What I’ve done to give you pain
I will never do again.”

“ As from others, so from you,
Let me have my honours due ;
Soon the parish bells about
Will begin to ring me out.”

“ Ring you out ?—With all my heart !”
From my chair I made a start,
Pull’d the bell and gave a shout—
“ Peter, show the Old Year out ! ”



IS THAT ROGERS'S LAST OR YOUR OWN ?



"CIRCUMSTANCES OVER WHICH I HAVE NO CONTROUL."



EYE ON A TRAGEDY.



DON'T POINT, IT'S ILL BRED!

—



WAKING AFTER THE LARK !



RISEING AFTER THE LARK!



SHALL I TAKE OFF THE BEARDS?



A RADICAL DEMON-STRATION.



THE MASTER OF THE HORSE.



A DETACHMENT OF INFANTRY.



NOBODY'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.

•

||



A WHIPPER IN!



THE NEW RIVER COMPANY.



THE DEVIL TO PAY, AND NO PITCH HOT.



MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE.



PLATES DONE ON STONE.



HOUND DRAWING COVER



A DROP OF THE CREATURE.

1

2



A DROP OF THE CREATURE.





"WELL—THIS IS A HIGH MOVE!"



POPLAR AND WAPPING.



"THERE'S ONE AT ME!—NOW FOR A BITE!"



A PART IS GREATER THAN THE HOLE.



TAKING THE VAIL.





" DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT ? "



FAST AND LOOSE.



COUNTER IRRITATION.



PREDESTINATION AND FREE-WILL.



SPIRIT AND WATER.





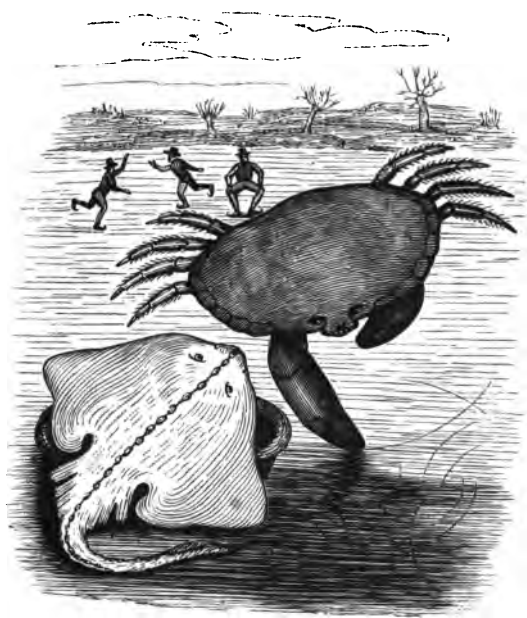
TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.



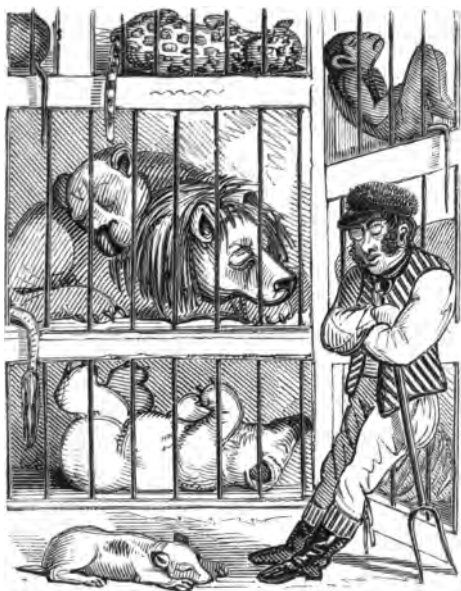
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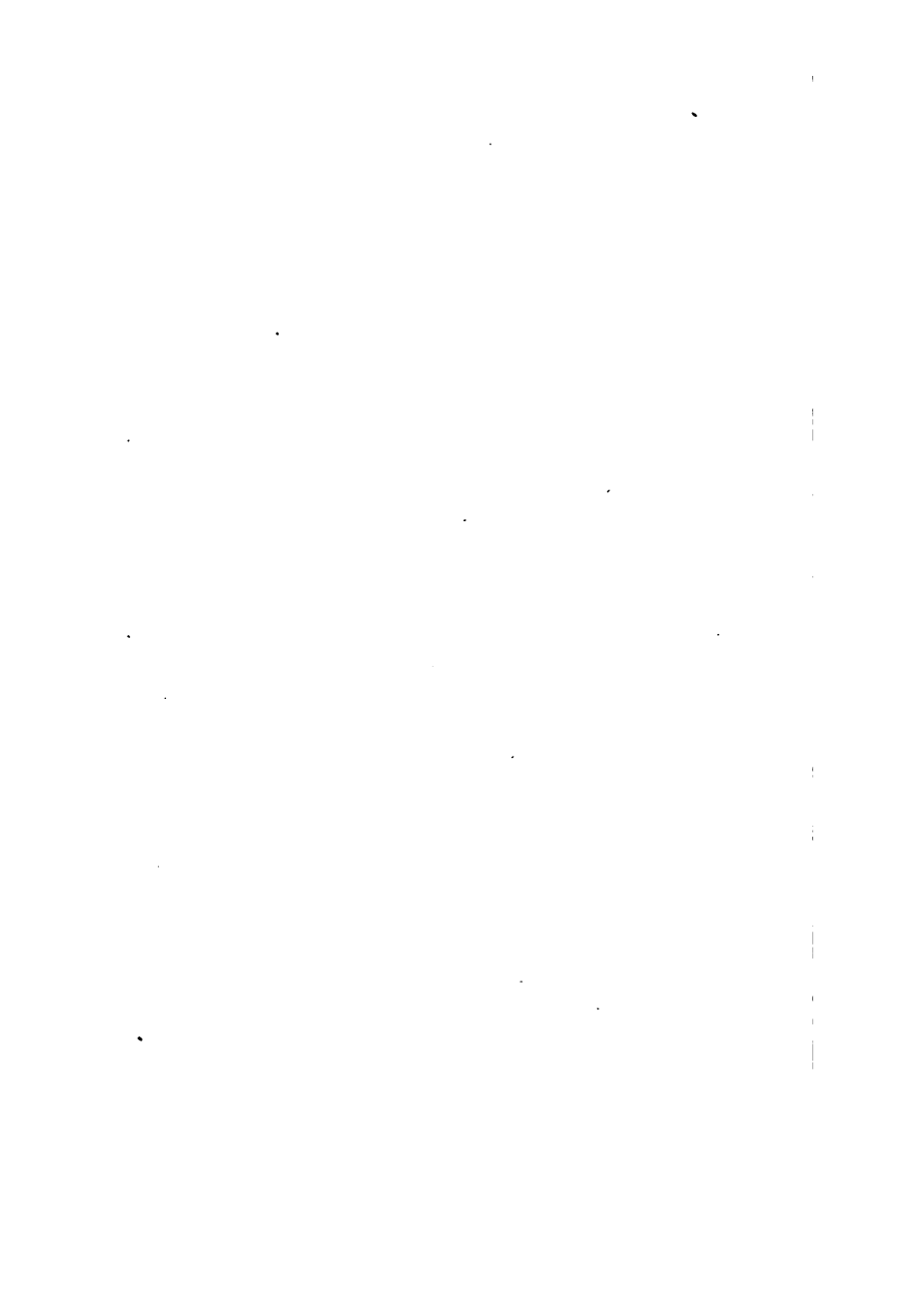
FANCY PORTRAITS—PROFESSOR SILLIMAN.



SEE ME! SKATE!



A DAY AFTER THE FAIR





OFF BY MUTUAL CONSENT.



"PORTRAITS TAKEN IN THIS STYLE!"



HOW HARD IT RAINS!



SPEED THE PLOUGH !



"HAS YOUR MOTHER ANY MORE OF YR?"



AN AIR PUMP.



TAKING A FLY AT A WATERING-PLACE.



A PLASTER CAST.



THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.



"WHAT FOR YOU HANG DE PICKANINNY?"



MASSA WILBERFORCE MAKE-WE-FREE.



A RUM CUSTOMER.



FOR BETTER OR WORSE.



IN AT THE DEATH.



CORNI OBLIGATO.



THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

